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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

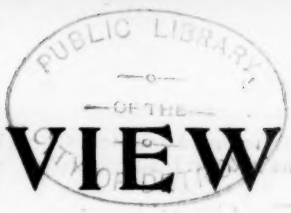
The progress of the war in the Far East has been more real than striking. There has been no battle on land or sea. Admiral Makaroff has sailed about much at his will in the neighbourhood of Port Arthur and Admiral Togo has vanished with the completeness that usually illustrates the intervals of his attacks. But we have many signs of the imminence of a vigorous advance. Probably each attack on Port Arthur has been the blind of the passage of transports. General Kuropatkin has hurried to visit Niu-chwang and defences there are being pressed on with speed. The position of the railway to Port Arthur and its nearness to the coast suggest that the natural line of attack will be in the Niu-chwang neighbourhood and Admiral Makaroff is hardly free enough or strong enough to hamper the Japanese fleet in their protection of the landing of troops in this quarter. Towards the other centre of operations forty Japanese transports are said to have been seen off Yungampo; and the Japanese occupation of Wi-ju, which was evacuated by the Russians in accordance with their expressed policy in postponing the crisis, completes the preliminary movements to the crossing of the Yalu. Unless the Russians have the courage to continue yet further the Moscow tactics, a battle in the neighbourhood can scarcely be much longer postponed.

The later accounts do nothing to diminish the strangeness of the first armed resistance to the Tibetan mission. After our force had left Tunia a long-winded conference was held between Colonel Younghusband and Tibetan leaders. Finally when he insisted on advance the Tibetans galloped off to their troops who to the number of about 2,000 had occupied a wall across the line of route. With every desire to avoid a conflict General Macdonald, outflanking the Tibetans, drove them without force from the extremities of the wall into a packed body in the centre of the camp. The Tibetan soldiers seem to have behaved at first with the strange docility which marks in some aspects the

character of the people. But the leaders continued to incite them to resist and General Macdonald decided that it was necessary for the safety of the mission to insist on disarmament. They seemed so ready to agree even with this demand that Colonel Younghusband and other unarmed members of the mission came up within a few yards of the Tibetans. Suddenly without warning one of the Tibetan leaders fired his pistol at a Sikh, wounding him in the jaw, and as if the signal had been expected the Tibetans made a rush at the members of the mission and began firing their matchlocks.

With any other people so sudden an attack at such close quarters might have been disastrous. As it was Mr. Chandler, the special correspondent of the "Daily Mail", who was actually writing at the moment, was wounded in many places and Major Dunlop more slightly. General Macdonald himself seems to have saved Colonel Younghusband by timely use of his revolver, and at the first rifle fire the Tibetans fled. In the flight, which was arrested for a few minutes at one sangar, they suffered terribly. The men were packed and, it seems, wholly ignorant of the deadliness of modern weapons. About five hundred were killed and seriously wounded by the first volleys and in the pursuit by the mountain infantry; and nearly two hundred prisoners remained in our hands. Of the weapons that were captured General Macdonald notices that two were breechloaders of Russian make. The Gurkhas and Sikhs, to whom was given the preliminary work of clearing the wall and sangars, seem to have behaved with proper restraint and the disaster lies wholly to the account of the Tibetans who in ignorance of their own impotence had planned—if the prisoners may be believed—a treacherous attack on the members of the mission.

Guru to which the expedition was then advancing has been occupied as an advanced supply depôt and Colonel Younghusband expects to be at Gyantse in a week. But further resistance is likely. A few of our officers coming forward to an interview at a village some miles from Guru were fired on at a distance of some 150 yards. Happily the volley was as vain as it was treacherous; but the incident is a further symptom of the attitude which the Tibetans are likely to adopt. At Gyantse Colonel Younghusband hopes to meet the Chinese Amban, who in a friendly communication proposes the meeting place and adds



that he would have met Colonel Younghusband before, if he had not been refused escort by the Dalai Lama.

The Chinese labour controversy becomes of the less interest now that the actual importation of the men is beginning; but it is to be hoped that Mr. Markham's very pat parallel will not be disregarded by those who have to find an answer to the slavery cry in the constituencies. He points out that the Liberal Government in 1894 imposed on Indian coolies imported into British Guiana conditions which certainly do suggest some of the incidents of slavery. The labourer could be transferred at the will of his employer; he was forced to serve for five years; he was paid *gd.* a day, out of which sum he had to keep himself, and at the end of a period of ten years he was allowed to return home if he paid a quarter of his passage. If he returned before that period he had to pay the whole. It is unnecessary to insist on the contrast with the Chinese ordinance. The Chinaman can return home when he likes if he pays his fare and at the end of three years his fare is paid for him; he receives 2s. a day and he is provided with house and food free of cost. In the face of these facts is it possible for Mr. Sydney Buxton, at the time Under-Secretary for the Colonies, any longer to hold to the contradictories that the Guiana ordinance was liberal and the Transvaal slavish?

The ordinance was published in China during last week and it would seem to have been welcomed as an opportunity for employment coming at a peculiarly appropriate moment. It is expected that most of the men will be collected from Northern China where the war will throw out of work the many thousand Chinamen whose habit it is to migrate to Manchuria for the summer months. One is glad to see a man of the knowledge of the "Times" correspondent calling particular attention to the high moral qualities of this class of men. The welcome given by them to the ordinance is qualified by a certain amount of opposition in the Chinese press, which is representative of public opinion even in a less degree than the press in Western countries; but there is no longer any question of the eagerness of workmen to accept the offer and preliminary arrangements have been already made for the shipment of a considerable number of workmen almost at once. It would be interesting to get the opinion of one of these Chinamen, who rejoices in the opportunity of well-paid work, upon the vicarious Quixotes here who would save him from the slavery into which he rushes.

Mr. Merriman, the natural person for the purpose, has expressed the Bond opinion of Mr. Jameson's Redistribution Bill. His position is that the Dutch cannot be put down by revengeful force of this sort; and his view of the objects of the Bill are a rather miserable illustration how implicit the racial distinction remains, in spite of everyone's expressed desire for colonial unity. Even Mr. Merriman spoke strongly on the subject and condemned out of hand Mr. Stead's proposal for keeping alive Dutch enmity. The additional Representation Bill, of which the second reading was passed by an unexpectedly large majority, is widely admitted to be just; and the greater equality of racial parties which will ensue must gradually work to prevent future political amalgamation capable of working, as the last Bond majority, against the general welfare of the country. Perhaps Mr. Merriman sees in it the end of his own capacity for doing harm. The progressive energy of Natal will help to make Cape politicians feel that tricks may not be played with the affairs of Cape Colony as when Cape Town was the only practical gate to South Africa.

The personality of President Roosevelt gives an unusual interest to the intrigues, intricate and unlovely, which lead to the adoption of candidates for the Presidency. That he will himself be adopted as the republican candidate at the approaching meeting of the party at Chicago has already been decided; but the democrats, till within the last few days, had found no preliminary candidate of conspicuous claims. At

last a strong tendency has been developed to concentrate attention on the candidacy of Mr. Justice Parker. Mr. Bryan has fallen out. Mr. Cleveland shows no desire to resume office and has emphasised his withdrawal by writing a rather sententious puff of that sound democrat Mr. Justice Parker and a congratulation of the democratic party on its return to sound sense. But the individual candidate is of less importance than the motive forces in the election which will be found to work in a curiously different way in this from the last election. Mr. Bryan's moral strength lay in his opposition to millionaire monopoly. It will be a feature of the next election that President Roosevelt, whose campaign against the Trusts is emphasised by recent legislation, will have against him the very interests which worked for the defeat of his last opponent.

Every country its own cotton-grower would seem to be the moral of certain reports sent to Washington by various American Consuls. The British Cotton-Growers' Association, emphasising the menace from America, seems to have fostered the idea in France, Germany and Russia that cotton presents an opening for new enterprise. The Germans as a matter of fact have already put many thousands of acres in West Africa under cotton. France is preparing to follow suit in Nigeria and Dahomey, and Russia is now raising quantities of the raw material in Siberia. At a time when the American demand for the American article, the shortage in the supply and the schemes of speculators are causing the gravest misery and loss to British industry, surely Great Britain should give every encouragement to the efforts to make the Empire self-contained in this direction at least. Compared with the business of Lancashire the cotton industries of other European countries are insignificant, and if they find it profitable to grow their own raw material, Great Britain ought to open up great riches by doing likewise. No nation has such an opportunity as Great Britain in the matter of cotton. Mr. Macara's idea that the present crisis may prove a blessing in disguise is a quaint and specious method of defending an unbusinesslike past. There is, however, something to be said for his proposed international conference to discuss a programme for international action.

The visit of the King of Spain to Barcelona is intrinsically worth more notice than the holiday tour of the Kaiser, on whose present health and political efforts the greater part of the foreign press is spending much vain conjecture. Barcelona has been long the centre of disloyal intrigue, the headquarters of opposition to monarchy; but King Alfonso seems to have been received with genuine enthusiasm everywhere, in his journey through the town and at the review of the troops. The uncontrollable size of the crowds gave the republicans an admirable chance of creating disturbance but except for an inconsiderable collision between some students and a band of republicans, and one harmless bomb there was nothing to break the display of eager loyalty. Spain is to this extent at a crisis in her history that she herself is afraid of being reckoned among the decaying nations. The recognition of the danger is also the opportunity of a return, as the quality of her citizens warrants, to her place among the nations. Political unity is the first necessity of the right development of the crisis and for this reason news of the loyal reception of the King in such a town as Barcelona is peculiarly welcome at the moment to those who desire to see hidalgo Spain recover from the corruption which her fight with the newest of the nations disclosed.

General de Georgis, the Italian general of the new gendarmerie, is still at Constantinople with his officers; and one sees no particular reason why he should ever find occasion for setting out for his proper sphere in Macedonia. It is true that the different Powers have been formally allotted their zones. Salonika which General de Georgis, avoiding the Italian zone from motives of etiquette, will make his headquarters, is allotted to Russia, Uskub to Austria, Monastir to

Italy, Seres to France and Drana to Great Britain. But quite apart from the number of officers to be allowed to the General, and this has already involved several rejoinders, there are a host of details which can be made cause of delay. The colour and character of the uniform are discussed as vital symbols of authority. But the essential point to be decided before General de Georgis takes up his duties is the nature of his executive power; and on this question there is a deadlock. If he has absolute authority to dismiss Turkish officials who prove unworthy, where does the Sultan's sultanship come in? If he must work through the civil governor, is it likely that General de Georgis at Salonika will be able to extract leave from a Turkish official at Monastir, supposing as is likely that person desires to back his own countryman?

There have been journeys more full of romance and peril than that of the "Discovery" which, with the relief ships the "Morning" and "Terra Nova", reached Lyttelton in New Zealand on 1 April after an absence of rather more than two years and a quarter. But Captain Scott has greatly increased the sum of knowledge of the South Polar regions and has penetrated much further than either the German or Swedish expeditions which set out simultaneously. Geographically he was able to prove that the interior of Victoria Land is a lofty plateau as much as 9,000 feet above sea-level. From his base under Mount Erebus he penetrated some 250 miles South as far as latitude $82^{\circ} 17'$ while a second party under Captain Armitage was investigating Victoria Land to the West. But perhaps the distinctive feature of the expedition was that the party were able to continue their investigations, scientific and other, through two complete winters; and during the whole time suffered no losses and practically no ill-health. We shall not know till the party returns to England to what extent scientific knowledge will be increased by this expedition; but never before have men of science enjoyed in such a latitude so prolonged a period of work; and the results can hardly be other than great. After all, though the latitude reached is taken as the test of success—and Captain Scott penetrated 200 miles further south than any past explorer—the magnetic, meteorological, and geological observations represent the more real attainment.

The Revenue Returns for 1903-4 show an actual deficit of £5,430,000. Assuming the business of the next financial year to be neither better nor worse than that just closed, the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be called upon to provide for some £11,000,000 of new taxation if accounts are to square on 31 March, 1905. The revenue estimated for was £144,270,000: the amount received was £141,546,000. The receipts during the twelve months, therefore, were short of the estimate by some two millions and three-quarters, and the expenditure has been in excess of the estimate to almost a like amount. There was a serious falling off in stamps, Customs and excise, the three items which are usually the first to feel a slump in business or a bad season. The Revenue Returns are calculated to bring home to those who care to take, or are capable of taking, an intelligent interest in them, the wanton sacrifice of £2,000,000 a year, which hurt no one, involved in the abandonment of the Corn Duty. Speculation as to the means by which Mr. Chamberlain will make good the deficiency is keen. He will turn to the Income Tax at his peril, and he might be well advised to restore the Corn Duty which would at once give him a substantial sum.

A great deal of talk about education has been going on during the week, and much letter-writing. The National Union of Teachers has been holding its annual meeting at Portsmouth, but teachers of one kind or another meet so often and talk so much that life is not equal to attending to what they say. When we do read their speeches, which as a matter of duty we do pretty often, we are bound to say that they are extraordinarily unilluminating. Of all people in the world one would suppose that teachers would have the

most to say about education that is worth hearing. They do have the most to say, but about the least that is worth hearing, always excepting members of Parliament. Take the presidential addresses at National Union Teachers congresses; we have never yet been able to find a single original suggestion in one of these president's addresses: they are always the same; ancient platitudes about "a really national system", or "simple Biblical teaching"; a dull re-telling in the poorest style of the controversies of the hour. If these professing teachers would only talk about the things they see and know, and leave alone things that are too hard for them, their eternal talking might do some good.

Of several notable people who have died during the week Mr. Forbes was perhaps the best known. The part of his life open to the public was spent largely in polemics. He was to a great extent a skilful manager of unsuccessful undertakings, who realised a degree of success which found small reflection in the absolute achievement. No one but a man of exceptional capacity and will could have survived the chairmanship of the London Chatham and Dover at the time he took the position, and in his long duel with Sir Edward Watkin, during which he was considerably vilified, he met a man of a tenacity of purpose and working energy known to his friends as incorrigible. Above all other capacities Mr. Forbes was famous for the suave assurance with which he would waive aside any protestant shareholder. It is perhaps a pity that men of such capacity should press their talents into such services; but the greatest managers of the most businesslike undertakings are in these days usually forced into such hustings tricks. It is better to think of Mr. Forbes as devoted in private life to art and intensely proud of the success of his artist nephew.

In Mr. Justice Byrne the Bench has lost a sound lawyer. This has been said so many times that one might almost suppose there was nothing else to say about the judge whose death all are deploring who know anything about him; but the really remarkable thing the legal world has lost by Mr. Justice Byrne's death is a Chancery barrister who was also a good speaker. It was always a pleasure to listen to Mr. Byrne arguing before Mr. Justice Chitty, for it was possible to hear what he was saying. He had the courage to despise the convention or tradition which apparently makes it a point of honour with Chancery barristers to mander and mumble in court instead of speaking. Mr. Byrne once neatly illustrated the over-confidence of superiority which not infrequently causes experienced men to give themselves away. Counsel opposed to him was a quite young man, a junior of the common law bar of very few years' standing. Mr. Byrne made a proposal to his "friend"; who, being far from at home on the Chancery side and naturally diffident when opposing so redoubtable a leader in his own court, was in doubt whether he should accept the proposal or not. While he hesitated, he observed Mr. Byrne turn round and wink at his junior. That gave the hint required; the proposal was refused and Mr. Byrne lost his case.

The name of Miss Cobbe, who died on Tuesday at the age of 82, is associated with "good works", in the sort of technical sense in which the phrase is used, in the minds of several generations. The earlier generation remember her for a gentle revolt against some of the unessentials of Protestantism, a later for the eager activity as a proselytising agent for the aid of women workers; and in this connexion she was spoken of with real admiration by Mrs. Browning, who met her physical eagerness in the work with that refined spiritual zeal which was the note of her character. Later in life Miss Cobbe in a sentimental hostility to vivisection ran a tilt at the whole medical profession and with later generations her humanitarian excesses have damaged her proper fame as a woman whose restless activity was on the whole through a long life turned to good work as well as good works. Her "antiquated virginity", of which she was expressively proud, was

always, as Lamb desired, object of respect. Even that witty allusion to a well-known journalist as a "sort of female Miss Cobbe" was indirectly a witness to the too masculine force—in its best sense—of her reforming spirit.

The throwing open of Richmond Park has brought out a host of supplementary suggestions. The King's wise and thoughtful command puts an end to game preserving in the Park; and all the woods, except where the Park authorities decide that timber needs protecting, will be accessible to the public. Not content with this one person suggests that with other "aristocratic privileges" motor cars should be excluded from the Park; another hopes that facilities will be given for enabling Volunteers to use the space. There should now be room in Richmond Park for everyone without the risk of one man's freedom interfering with another's, but the scope would be greatly increased if Combe Wood were included in the benefit, on the ground that one good turn deserves another. It is an anomaly that a covert in such a locality should be either reserved or preserved; and the difference between unhampered accessibility and the difficulties with which leave of entrance is fenced in distinguishes a great public benefit from a more or less useless privilege.

To judge from the newsboards one would imagine that there was an inevitable connexion between holidays and crime. An innocent psychologist or social reformer, pacing the streets of London in Easter week or Christmas week, might easily be deluded into building up a whole system of criminology based on the statistics of the newspaper placards. He would note the unfailing regularity with which "shocking tragedies" and "appalling crimes" coincide with holiday seasons. He could declare with absolute truth that year after year grave crime is to the front in holiday weeks as at no other time. Really in these festal weeks in London we might believe we were living in a nation of murderers and that every other person we met was a dangerous character. A little reflection, however, is reassuring, for it reminds one that if this startling recrudescence of crime coincides with holidays, it also coincides with a scarcity of news. And a little further thought will suggest the extreme improbability of criminals timing their ill-deeds precisely to help out unfortunate editors of halfpenny papers. In short there is not more serious crime at holiday than other seasons, but there is much more serious need for copy.

The symposium, as an English journal would describe it, the inquiry, as the French more sensibly says, conducted by "L'Européen" on the question "La France, est-elle en décadence?" is not bringing British intelligence into strong relief. Fortunately there is a set-off in Mr. Bernard Shaw, who says France must be decadent if her editors can ask so stupid a question, and in Mr. Herbert Vivian, who gracefully pictures (a few lines below Mr. Oscar Browning) the glorious return to France of her legitimate king, when the sun of Louis XIV. is to come out of his retirement. But the English contributors who take the question seriously are really terrible in their dulness and in their anxiety to please. Sir Howard Vincent recounts his travels, and, as he cannot find any poor people, he answers, "Non, non, non", exactly in the spirit of General Harbottle in "Bracebridge Hall", who after every successive glass remarked "Distress, sir, where do we see it?" Mr. Bryce contents himself with "Non, mille fois non"; an answer which has the advantage of sparing his knowledge of French. Mr. Wells for an answer refers the editor to "Anticipations", certainly an enterprising business stroke. Mr. W. L. Courtney, unable to answer for himself, calls in M. Hanotaux to his assistance. Mr. Thomas Hardy draws an up and down line which, if it means anything, means that over the whole period indicated France has not moved either way. The most striking thing about the British answers as a whole is the inability they reveal to understand what decadence means. Fancy highly developed civilisation being adduced in disproof of decadence!

LORD CURZON'S VICEROYALTY.

LORD CURZON'S Budget speeches have never been mere financial disquisitions. Every year he takes advantage of the occasion to expound matters of general policy and if need be to defend his measures of reform. He speaks at such times with the sense of responsibility begotten of the consciousness that he is addressing an infinitely wider audience than that assembled in the Council Chamber. So it was to be expected that when he had reached the ordinary period of viceregal dissolution his address would include a review of the work accomplished in the five eventful years of his tenure of office. Not the least satisfactory passage in his speech is the announcement that it is not to be his own official obituary.

Primarily of course the object of the meeting is to consider the financial history of two years and the estimates of a third. Once again the Finance Minister has been able to display a surplus so satisfactorily gained as to win for him unanimous congratulations. Sir Edward Law modestly disclaims credit for results due to favourable conditions of crop and climate: but his own share of the work deserves the most generous recognition. The closer the scrutiny the more encouraging these results must appear. They are not due to the avoidable miscalculations or the adventitious windfalls which have inflated the balances of previous years. So far as the summary permits us to judge, the figures now announced represent solid progress and prosperity. Expanding returns from customs, salt, excise and land bear testimony to this. The most encouraging and significant of all is the largely increased revenue which the State has derived from its railways. Lord Curzon has gracefully acknowledged his obligations to the labours of his predecessors. In no respect does he owe more to their efforts. It is only within his own viceroyalty that the past expenditure on railways has become directly productive. The rapidity with which these earnings are increasing is full of assurance for the future. He might have pointed his remarks on the "unreasonable abuse", to which the Government has been subjected from those indigenous critics whom it has fostered, by a reference to their frequent denunciations of the railway policy as a scheme for enriching foreigners and draining the country of its wealth. India in truth has found in its railway enterprise a safe and progressive supplement to the uncertain income which it derives from its opium monopoly. Lord Curzon has shown his appreciation of this magnificent inheritance by the measures he has undertaken to improve railway administration and bring it into harmony with the altered conditions which its own development has brought about.

Though his critics on the council have only congratulations for the Finance Minister on producing this his latest surplus, they do not appear to be equally complimentary to his scheme of appropriation. Representing the taxpayers, they naturally press for a further remission of taxation. To this no exception can be taken. It is well that this end should be kept in view. Lord Curzon is too much of a statesman not to deal tenderly both with the claim and the claimants. Several of the taxes which contribute to this surplus were imposed to meet the enormous burdens thrown on the Exchequer by the progressive depreciation of the rupee. Though that depreciation has been arrested, it has not been redressed. The rupee is still one third below the sterling value it possessed when a great portion of the sterling obligations of the Government were incurred. Notwithstanding the striking success that has attended the introduction of a gold standard, which has steadied exchange and built up a gold reserve approaching fifteen millions sterling, it is necessary to be prepared for emergencies which even yet might give an awkward shock to the artificial foundation on which the system rests. From no point of view can the present taxation be deemed oppressive while the economic development of the country, improvements in its administration and the protection against famine by extension of irrigation and railways afford an immense field for useful and productive expenditure.

Beyond this a reason may be found in the political

situation for maintaining unimpaired a revenue which is required to strengthen the defences of the country and secure her frontiers against what Lord Curzon calls, those "international rivals who are closing in around us with intentions that he who runs may read". Last year he sounded a note of warning on the new conditions which were drawing India within the sphere of foreign politics far beyond her borders and on the growing dangers which made it a vital matter that her armour should be strong. He has now enlarged in language of unmistakable plainness on the further development of these influences. His remarks gain much point from the serious complications which have since reached a crisis in Tibet. In this lies the justification of his frontier policy, described as one of consolidation and restraint, and of the fresh military expenditure necessary for the efficiency of the army and the security of the natural bulwarks which protect the borders.

Of other measures of reform instituted or completed within the last five years, none involved a bolder reversal of ancient and dangerous error than the steps taken to check the alarming expropriation of the old landowning classes among the warlike inhabitants of the Panjab. None is full of more pregnant consequences in the future than the reform of the educational system. On this measure Lord Curzon does not seem to have dwelt, probably because it has recently occupied much of his public deliberations and utterances. His decisive rejection of a scheme for making public appointments generally the prize of competitive examinations has been misconstrued here into the abolition of an existing system. No such system has existed. But examinations have undoubtedly played an excessive and mischievous part in the scheme of education and this evil will be redressed. Primary education, starved and neglected, is to receive the prominence it deserves. Higher education, degraded too often by low standards, ineffective teaching and ignoble aims, is to be purified strengthened and controlled. Special and technical instruction will be developed on principles at once cautious and progressive so as to keep pace with that expansion of agricultural, commercial and manufacturing industries which distinguishes another group of the reforms to which Lord Curzon has put his hand.

To say that Lord Curzon's measures have not always been as guarded as they might have been is after all only to say that he has the defects of his qualities. In righteous indignation against any form of oppression and in zeal for even justice he has come perilously near to exciting that dangerous feeling of race animosity of which Lord Ripon's administration gave such a disastrous example. The same characteristic led to his unpopularity with certain classes of Europeans—always undesirable in the midst of a great alien population and displayed in unseemly fashion at the Coronation Durbar. Some judicious concessions again might have averted the violent opposition created by that unhappy foster-child, the Official Secrets Act, and still have left the authorities all needful power.

It is easy however to point out instances of the qualities which have avoided such complications. Conspicuous among them is the treatment of the real and serious danger to which the Government has been exposed by the spread of the plague throughout India—danger arising not from the disease itself but from the measures necessary to suppress it. That these dangers, written in blood at Poona and Cawnpur, were averted is due to the tact and sagacity with which the co-operation and sympathy of the people themselves have been enlisted and the tenderness shown to their natural weaknesses and their obstructive customs.

We are too near the events of this memorable period to see them in proper perspective. But it is safe to predict that it will be marked not merely by the economic and administrative progress which Lord Curzon has claimed for it but by a very remarkable growth of a feeling of community of interest between the various peoples and States that together make up India. Coupled with this is a new recognition of the advantages flowing from union under a strong central power and a loyal acceptance of the suzerainty whose

rightness of intention has been made plain by the justice and beneficence of its rule. It will be Lord Curzon's greatest claim to distinction among the Viceroy's of India that he has contributed powerfully to this movement towards unity.

THE TIBETAN PROBLEM.

IN Tibet we seem to be in presence not only of a mysterious country, but of sundry political factors outside the scope of ordinary experience. The first is the dual government thanks to which we find friends at Shigatze, while Lhasa opposes us tooth and nail. The second is the suzerain authority which we persist in seeking at Peking but which seems faded to a shadow of a shade. The third is the tea trade with China which interests the Lamas as monopolists, the Chinese as producers, the provincial authorities of Szechuen as tax collectors, and may prove the most potent of the three. The curious double papacy by which Tibet is governed is a legacy of one of those remarkable reformers whom the times seem to produce periodically when a leader is required. The Buddhism practised in those regions had become tainted in the fifteenth century, in various ways, when a young priest named Tsungkaba, issuing from a monastery on the confines of China, succeeded in overthrowing the influence of the Szakia priesthood and substituting his own doctrine for that previously in vogue. It would be superfluous to inquire how far he may have profited by the support of the Ming dynasty which had just driven out the Mongols from Peking. The essential point is that to his two principal disciples was bequeathed his influence, at his death, and that the imperishable spirits of both have since been born and reborn into the world, as Grand Lamas of the two great centres, respectively, of Lhasa and Shigatze. It would be little surprising if jealousies arose, under such conditions, although a measurable division of influence was arranged by reserving the predominance in temporal matters to the Dalai, but the greater spiritual sanctity to the Teshu, Lama. Those conditions had endured with various modifications in the executive power for more than four hundred years when Warren Hastings sent George Bogle to try to negotiate a commercial treaty. Bogle, it is well known, formed a close friendship with the Teshu Lama of his day; and Turner, who followed nine years later in his footsteps, made the shrewd remark, in his report to Warren Hastings, in 1783, that a guarantee for the continuance of friendly relations between Calcutta and Teshu Lumbo might be found in the very doctrine of incarnation which not only immortalises the soul of the Lama on earth but perpetuates also its dispositions and prejudices. One of the proofs of identity, in fact, in a regenerated Lama is an early recognition of the possessions, acquaintances and transactions of his pre-existence. Bogle's friend was dead, but the inmates of the monastery noted with satisfaction that the child who had been selected as his reincarnation looked on Bogle's successor with attention and good will. What the suggestion really amounts to is that tendencies will be perpetuated by tradition; and experience seems to confirm Turner's view. The opposition to Bogle emanated from the Regent of Lhasa, and that is precisely the attitude of Lhasa to-day. The authorities of Teshu Lumbo showed him good will and seem equally disposed to be friendly to-day. The distinction is significant, and may not be without importance, for the Lhasa régime does not seem to be popular, while the respect for the Teshu Lama is evidently great.

Bogle seems to have been as puzzled however as those who have tried to complete his work have been, since, to know how much China and how much Lhasa went to make up the hostile programme. The China of those days was a great power. It was only thirty years since the Emperor Kienlung had extinguished a revolution in Tibet and placed the Government on the footing which we find to-day. It was no doubt with perfect sincerity therefore that the will of China was pleaded as the ultima ratio, in answer to what proposition soever we made; though it may be

less certain that the Emperor knew or cared about every matter in which his authority was invoked. He had heard (the Regent wrote to the Teshu Lama with regard to Bogle) "of two Feringhees being arrived in Bhootan with a great retinue of servants; now the Feringhees were fond of war and, after insinuating themselves into a country, raised disturbances and made themselves masters of it; and as no Feringhees had ever been admitted into Tibet he advised the Teshu Lama to find some method of sending them back". Yet the official reason given for opposing him was that the Emperor of China had given orders that no "Mogul, Hindostani, Patan or Feringhee" should be admitted; and Huc felt no doubt, seventy years later that his own expulsion was the act of the Chinese Resident, Keshen. The Chinese did, unquestionably, seal the passes after defeating the Nepaulese in 1792; and it may well be that a consensus of interests produced a consensus of opinion that they should stay closed.

But a fresh complication has since been added. The influence of China seems to have rested pretty equally on superior political prestige and a monopoly of the provision of tea. She has lost the first through a series of blows culminating in her defeat by the Japanese; and the Blue Book confirms M. Ular's testimony that the Lamas are turning preferably to Russia for support. She has lost the second through the introduction of tea planting in the Himalayas; though for that very reason, probably, the Lamas feel a greater need for protection against Indian aggression. For not only do the great monasteries of Lhasa receive subsidies of tea from Peking but the Lamas monopolise the trade; so that their interests are bound up with the varied Chinese interests in Szechuen; and a moderate acquaintance with Eastern ways may convince us that this represents a combination against which H.M. Minister may protest at Peking in vain.

When Mr. T. T. Cooper, bearing a pass from the Viceroy, was stopped at the frontier of Szechuen, in 1868, he was told by an indiscreet magistrate that the Chinese Resident was in the habit of receiving large sums from the Lamas to keep foreigners out; and the hint illumines the value of Tibetan protests that it is China, and of Chinese protests that it is Tibet, by which we have been systematically met. Does not experience tend to the conclusion that our best allies would be the Tibetans themselves who can hardly like to pay, for the crushed twigs which constitute the bulk of their tea-bricks, the enhanced cost incidental to a long and toilsome mountain journey from Bathang, when an abundant supply of tea is obtainable at their doors? Analysing the question in a paper that was published in the "Gazette of India", in 1879, Mr. Colborne Baber estimated the average price of tea in Lhasa at half a rupee a pound. But, he went on to point out, that applies only to the main road. "The price rises in a ratio altogether out of proportion to the distance of the market from the tea route, and very quickly reaches a figure which puts the article altogether beyond the purchasing power of the country people." "This state of things arises not from the difficulties and dangers of the bye roads so much as from the policy of the Lamas who, being the traders and money lenders of the country and the only capitalists, have many motives for confining the traffic in a channel which they can direct to their own advantage . . . and this they can the more easily effect because the supply is far inferior to the demand." Mr. Cooper, who tried to open out a trade route between Assam and Tibet, wrote "The whole business in life of the Tibetans seems to be to procure a sufficiency of tea; and it is no cheap luxury; for the Lamas, keeping in their hands the retail as the Chinese do the wholesale trade, reduce the people by this means to absolute dependence, exacting in return for the precious article labour and produce. Grain, yaks, sheep, horses and even children are given to the rapacious priesthood in payment for tea". And Mr. Baber, writing ten years later, after careful inquiry, said though this statement might appear to be tainted with exaggeration, it accorded pretty exactly with accounts he had received. It might be taken as certain, he concluded, that the vast majority of the

Tibetans are unable to procure enough tea, that they would pay for it prices of which half a rupee may be regarded as a minimum; and "the merest sweepings of the Assam godowns would make better tea than the Tibetans have ever drunk". Huc declared in 1844 that the Lamas monopolised trade in his day. "Placed in possession of the greater part of the currency by the gifts of the faithful, they multiply their fortune a hundredfold by usurious proceedings at which even Chinese roguery is scandalised". It is easy to conceive that to people so interested, a treaty of commerce which threatened to disturb existing conditions must have seemed like a breach of trust. What was China for, if not to ward off precisely such a blow? And the negotiations did in fact hang fire for a long time owing to China's persistence in the determination to exclude Indian tea from Tibet. A compromise was eventually reached to the effect that it should be admitted after a delay of five years at a rate of duty not exceeding that at which Chinese tea is imported into England. That was in 1893, but the clause is as far from being operative now as on the day it was signed.

UNSEATING MR. BALFOUR.

LORD ROSEBERY'S absence from Parliament during the no slavery debates has made talk. Fly catchers are sure, from what they hear, that he is not in sympathy with his side. But they may be taking it too much for granted that Lord Rosebery has come to the conclusion that public opinion in the matter is quite against his side: and, in a politician's silence, it is decent to inquire what he thinks about the attitude of the voters, before we make sure of his own. But assume that Lord Rosebery had made up his mind stiffly, and were master in his own house. The position of the no slavery enthusiasts in Parliament would be somewhat like that of the saucy menials who, in the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, made free of their master's house and rated and prated on freedom and slavery. "You reverence the King, I hope", said Dr. Primrose to them. "Certainly, we reverence the King", they replied in effect, "provided the King does what we want". And when Dr. Primrose grew warm and held forth on the cant of such talk, they were furious, and were just going to take summary measures, but the master came back, and there was a general stampede from the parlour to the kitchen.

But the only stampede and summary measures which seem likely just now are in connexion with the other side of the House and the no slavery section below the gangway. The stampede, if we are to take Sir John Gorst and Lord Hugh Cecil quite seriously, occurs when Mr. Winston Churchill takes a beautiful speech out of his pocket and rises to re-smash Mr. Balfour on the subject of slavery or protection. Really a good many impressionable readers of the newspaper correspondence must have pictured a scene quite like the famous Pitt and Melville one. After the Speaker, deadly white, had given his casting vote the Prime Minister arose, crammed down his hat over his face to hide his tears, and surrounded by a little body of adoring friends walked out of the House. In this case Mr. Gully has not to give a casting vote: he has only to catch Mr. Churchill's eye. Then Mr. Balfour leaves the House surrounded or followed closely by a band of dear friends. We have not seen a complete list of the members who go out with the Prime Minister: the names ought to be given in the political notes of the "Times": but it is easy to imagine a few of the figures—Sir Charles Dalrymple, tender and true, is sure to be of them and Mr. Wanklyn, heroic, very nearly pugilistic, and perhaps Sir George Bartley heavily scornful. Of course in details the comparison between the two scenes would break down. Pitt's opponents pressed curiously about him to see how he took it. Every member must be familiar by now with Mr. Balfour's expression, when Mr. Churchill rises and gets out his speech: in this instance the spectators might be more curious to see how Mr. Churchill took it. It is not a pleasing experience when the object on which you have your eye vanishes just as you are preparing to take aim, as Alice found when she tried to play croquet

with a flamingo and hedgehog: and, in the case of the Prime Minister, it must be additionally galling, for you know he will not learn all about your performance next day through the newspapers.

How such a storm in a teacup came to be regarded gravely, we cannot imagine. But the protests of Sir John Gorst and the threats of Lord Hugh Cecil prove that it has. There are actually sinister suggestions of the resort presently to physical force. On one side the threats might almost lead one to suppose that Mr. Churchill will be held down in his seat or his speech taken violently from him; on the other that Mr. Balfour will be held down when Mr. Churchill rises to attack him. This is a matter for the Serjeant-at-Arms. Sir John Gorst, we must say, has not advocated rowdiness in any form. His protest is mild-mannered. He is simply scandalised by the falling-off in the manners of Ministers. In his day—but this does not come into his dignified protest—members of the Government never left the front bench when their opponents were attacking them: a Minister then only strolled out in a detached manner when one of his own colleagues or his leader was speaking on his own subject or bill, say education: or he removed himself to one of the cross-benches at the other end of the Chamber and took up his quarters there for the rest of the session. This, we suppose, was quite correct form for a member of the Government. But apparently it is not manners for any Minister, if indeed any private member, to budge from his seat when a speaker on his own side is going to make a long speech with the contents of which the House is perfectly familiar beforehand through use. The Prime Minister, especially, must be glued to his seat, during the oft-heard speech of a critic on his own side. *Sedet aeternumque sedebit infelix Theseus*, whenever a no-slavery or free-food member on his own side is up.

We quite think that a leader of the House of Commons ought to play the game. It is unbecoming in him to stroll in and out of the weary place as the fancy takes him; to be absent during the greater portion of some important debate, for instance, on a Government bill; to come in perhaps suddenly after hours of absence, and accept or reject amendments without knowing where they will lead him. This should be out of the question. He must have a firm grasp not only of the great principles, but of all the details of House of Commons leadership. Peel, Palmerston and Disraeli did not overlook the small matters; and there was a time when Gladstone seemed to have a knowledge and interest in even the odds and ends that came on after midnight, when only unopposed measures could be forwarded. We recollect a father of the House of Commons telling us, out of his long experience, how Palmerston with utter patience would sit in his place hour after hour, his eyes fixed on a particular spot on the table of the House. Disraeli too would sit for hours looking at his boots. It is irksome, even to a House of Commons lover, but after all a man may well put up with such inconveniences, if they go with the greatest prize of public life. A leader ought to be very often in his place and sometimes for long; whilst to run away from damaging criticism, or to give his friends the slightest encouragement to shout it down, would be too contemptible. But there has been no running away, and there has been, we are quite sure, not the faintest encouragement by Mr. Balfour of rowdiness. There has been a leisurely withdrawal from boredom, when no conceivable purpose could be served by staying. Surely even a leader of the House can leave his seat for a brief space. Sir John Gorst would give him five or ten minutes now and then, we imagine. The truth is nobody has grave cause for complaint, least of all Mr. Churchill: it is privilege enough to be able to get up and make a pretty long speech whenever you choose: we have known cases of unfortunate M.P.'s who have written out five or six speeches and risen again and again to fire them off, and all in vain. It would be too much if, having this privilege, you whimpered because a Prime Minister were not among your audience. And as to the complaint that there is some interruption, one may cite a long-forgotten case of a bore who com-

plained that members were not hearing him kindly. "You have a right to address the House", replied the Speaker in rebuke, "but I cannot compel the House to listen to you."

SOME TRANSATLANTIC MYTHS.

THE Canadians upon the whole have behaved extremely well over the Alaska fiasco. Letters from many quarters assure me that they have accepted the inevitable with the best grace that human nature could be expected to assume. The gratuitousness of Lord Alverstone's untoward decision, no serious crisis in the other event being threatened, was what seemed to them so deplorable, while the presence of Senator Lodge on the board to anyone who has merely read his works or his particular organ in Boston was really something of an outrage. Canadians have forgiven but they have not forgotten. Indeed if that preposterous loop made by the Northern bounds of Maine and recalling the Ashburton Treaty (1842) is still an eyesore and a burning memory, it is not likely that their rebuff upon the North Pacific will be soon forgotten. A great many Canadians, to judge from the number and intelligence figuring within the narrow bounds of a single private correspondence, are in an uneasy mood regarding the future. Rightly or wrongly there are many sensible and patriotic Canadians who believe that the question of purchase from France by the United States of the Newfoundland islands of Miquelon and S. Pierre is looming in the not remote future and the possibility of such a matter depending on the backbone of the home Government appals them—for such a transfer is unthinkable. The federation of Newfoundland and the precise delimitation of its boundaries in Labrador appears on this account a more urgent matter than formerly to many in the Dominion at the present time.

Canadians, with or without reason, are somewhat sore at the gush poured out just now in this country upon everything American. They do not profess to be so intimate with the social and cultured circles of Boston, New York and Washington as we are, but they believe themselves to understand the average Yankee and his point of view a great deal better and it is only the average Yankee who matters much in national and political emergencies. The delightful people who sail yachts, play polo, give dinners and write the books worth reading count for almost nothing. Even in New York, as we know, they submit with a contemptuous shrug or a futile protest to the rule of plunderers and thieves and in Philadelphia with still more hopeless resignation. Fallacies die hard in this country. Most of the English press were hopelessly astray with regard to the French Canadian and the South African war as figures proved. Laurier again is regarded generally as almost an enthusiast for the British connexion and all measures calculated to strengthen it. Thousands of intelligent Canadians would laugh at such a notion. The present Premier is politically pure, which is saying a good deal in Canada, but he is hardly more than an able opportunist. Some of his henchmen are the reverse of sound. One, a Minister of the Crown, has a black record in municipal politics that I know to be deserved. Another, Bourassa, is a clever feather-headed firebrand eminently anti-British and continually spouting. The printed particulars of a new French Canadian political society were recently sent me, every aim of which was covertly anti-British and I was assured by those who attended its meetings that more was meant than was expressed in print and this last was fairly definite.

Misconceptions too are rife in this country about the sentiments of various sections in the United States. It is commonly supposed that the South is more apt to be friendly to Great Britain than other regions, that Southerners are more like Englishmen; and so forth—the last belief not without foundation but in some respects extraordinarily erratic. Sympathy for the South was very general in England during the civil war—due again largely to misconceptions—which were still further tainted with snobbery. The South never thanked us, while the North was for a long time irritated, and naturally so. As a matter of fact the South have always been the section to raise the war-cry most loudly

against this country and in the old colonial days during our struggle with France in America they shirked their plain duties selfishly and scandalously. I have known this section intimately, and their better class in former days were usually charming people though given to historical and genealogical hallucinations, but they have always been politically unpleasant and when tail-twisting is in vogue will always be in the front of it. It is the provincial half-educated, American who is the hot-head and danger in international matters and a human being more incapable of understanding other countries than he does not exist on the face of this earth, nor in this particular a more self-satisfied ignoramus. The South, particularly nowadays, consists mainly of such a type—when it comes to counting votes. Its English blood has never, and will never, amount to anything in a quarrel with the Mother-country. Nor is there south of Washington even a travelled and more or less Anglophile upper class as in the North, whatever that might amount to at a pinch. As for the West it would be almost childish to imagine that vast medley of all nations and races animated by anything approaching sentiment or natural friendliness towards this country. Nothing but mutual interests will keep us friends and I trust they may, but it is evident beyond a doubt that the Americans are now somewhat more alive to the value of Canada than they were ten years ago and for obvious reasons.

I read the other day a most truculent article on annexation in a leading Boston paper of such a kind as would have been thought too foolish for publication a few years back. In the foregoing remarks I do not wish to pose as an alarmist, nor unduly to minimise the friendly feeling that exists between educated Americans and England, and indeed between the two nations at large, just now. But it is as well to remember that a vast numerical majority in the States are not educated in the liberal sense of the word, that millions are foreigners or hostile Irish, that even Anglo-Saxons are extremely excitable in the South and West regarding international matters, and, as I have said, peculiarly incapable, for many strong reasons, of political sanity in an international crisis. If they were conscious of this and willing to be more or less led it would be different. But this of course is not the case—while a further danger lies in the fact of such a large proportion of this irresponsible element living, as they would think, removed from all the dangers if not the inconveniences of a foreign war.

A. G. BRADLEY.

NATURE AT THE ZOO.

HOW many people have come away from a visit to the Zoo in a state of vague depression? They went to enjoy; instead they first wondered, then pitied, and at the end moped. They had caught the infection of captivity, the prison spirit.

"Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage"

is a truth felt by many when they enter, but by few when they leave the Zoological Gardens. The reason is not far to seek. For many years the Zoo has been a sort of appendage to South Kensington, a place for the study of species and varieties, a life-size book of coloured illustrations, a museum for things in cages, *θηρία ἀθηρία*, a collection of specimens which depended for their value on a numerical test. We knew a great lover of animals who refused to visit it again after the death of the king penguin on the ground that with him died the last of the individual characters: the rest were subdued to the surroundings in which they were caged. The Zoo was never as bad as that, great as was the loss of that bird which seemed to unnumbered visitors to possess in an oddly human form the capacity for humour and friendship. But it was in many ways a depressing spot; and one went there not for the life of the place, not for sympathetic observation, but to see one or two animals; the burrowing owl, for a certain quaintness, or the hippopotamus for his ugly yawn—"scarcely human" as an old lady said; or the Charles Island tortoise for his ageless immensity, or grévy zebras for their rarity or a snow leopard for its individual beauty

or the one-eyed seal for its athletic skill. But the Zoo has never deserved its full title. A garden should connote some happy conjunction of freedom and restraint, as of a place whose little limits none desire to leave. A zoological garden should indeed contain an epitome of the world's fauna as a botanical garden of the world's flora. But what would be thought of that other garden in Regent's Park if the trees and shrubs so interfered with each other's growth that they sickened and died, "themselves their own fever and pain"?

When the last secretary of the Society resigned, the fight for his successor was wholly on a question of principle: whether the Gardens should still be considered a museum or whether birds and beasts should be so housed that they could be observed to some degree as in their haunts and under the influence of their proper instincts. Mr. Edmund Selous' series of articles in this REVIEW were the first public plea for reform and we have since attempted to give in greater detail additional suggestions for the fulfilment of his scheme. For financial reasons "reformation in a flood" was impossible; but Dr. Chalmers Mitchell has already done enough to give the Gardens a completely new atmosphere. The aviary just erected on the canal bank stands out as the chief assertion of the reforming principle; and we may hope was so welcomed by the 50,000 people who went to the Zoo this week. It is astonishing that so simple a means of relieving pressure and imitating nature was not before adopted. The canal bank, which is the most natural home for birds, was known to be too weak for the weight of brick buildings. It was therefore left unused from neglect of the plain fact, which only the microscopic naturalist could fail to see, that birds were open-air creatures, as well worth studying for their vitality as for their stuffable bodies, and wholly ill-fitted by a brick building. Except for its contrasted virtue there is nothing for imagination to boggle at in this new aviary. In itself it is no more than a wire-covered enclosure in which a certain number of pollarded trees, some pools and trickling water are enjoyed by a mixed tribe of birds. But it is of such a height that you may actually watch birds, as they should be watched, against the sky, both perching and flying, and the scope for movement is sufficient. No bird at the Zoo has beauties of flight and song wedded together as in the nightingale, with whom the two are as necessary to each other as the music and the movement of the bow on the fiddle strings. But the virtues of no animal, not even the stork, emerge from a state of stillness. Especially is it true of tropical birds that they only "kindle their image" with due brilliance when their colours are given the poetry of appropriate motion. In a few weeks the crows and gulls who now, with the zest of occasional bickerings, enjoy the freedom of the space, will be joined by many cockatoos, macaws, parakeets and parrots. The spectacle of a Sulphur-crested Cockatoo and Blue-fronted Amazon glinting in intricate flight against the sky line may be promised for the first summer days of May and those who have knowledge of the evolutions of these birds will accept it as a fit celebration of the establishment of the principle of open-air freedom. Parrots are not born with a silver ring round their legs. It may be added that monkeys are not born between brick walls. The last work of the old establishment was to erect a new monkey house, which may be put down as a total mistake of principle. In spite of the utmost care the whole family was down with fever during the winter and lives were only saved by the courageous care of a West End physician. You may blow away infection but hardly bar it out. What all animals, birds and beasts, parrots and monkeys, need is warm shelter for rest and open-air space for movement; and the second is quite as important as the first. The smallness of the area available in Regent's Park is no excuse: space in this reference is to be judged by its capacity for supplying freedom, as water in a common chemical experiment for its power to hold substances in solution. At present the sensation upon entering the parrot-house is as of many engines approaching a tunnel; and as a spectacle the ranks of little cages might have been transferred from a Soho fancier's. Destroy the cages, as will be

done when the new aviary is peopled, and the space, for purposes of freedom, is doubled or trebled; it will hold as many birds as before and each one will enjoy the whole space of which before he failed to enjoy his fraction.

The science of the use of space is naturally developed in the effort to give the birds the free-play of life for which—if scientific naturalists will allow the teleology—they were intended. The new aviary is the most pronounced proof of the return of common sense, but the reformation is conspicuous in many small changes elsewhere. Across the canal on the northern slopes the cranes, on a plain newly grassed, by a little rill newly drawn, strut and stand with a deliberate naturalness in a natural locality; and how much better is it to see them so than if the *grus virgo* and *anthropoides paradisea* were isolated in compartments beautifully ticketed and each bird described even to the scientific designation of his useless toe! The heated retreat and little pond giving off the enclosure are a proof that the open-air treatment is not overdone. The "great" aviary, in spite of the irony of the attribute, was always among the least depressing departments in the Zoo. But now that it is relieved of the gulls opportunity has been given for many more experiments. The South American Screamers, with an anticipation of spring common to our thrushes and blackbirds, have been busy building for several days. This too is a new sight; and the open-air treatment of them is something of a conjectural attempt. One may expect a fair percentage of failures. Some birds will die from exposure and probably humanitarians will cry out at the barbarity of the experiment. But for years a very large number of the deaths among birds at the Zoo has been due to moping. The melancholy of stunted life, which shows itself in untidy feathers and dejected pose, is the great danger to captive birds. *ἀὲ γὰρ ποιεῖ τὸ ζῶον*—for the Zoo is always depressing. It were better that a large number of deaths should come from fights—"Nature red in tooth and claw" cannot be wholly evaded—and from exposure, than to permit continuance of this perpetual burden of home sickness. The knowledge of what birds can endure what periods of our climate and which species can live along side of which will soon be corrected and the death rate should decrease with every trial. Other changes carry out the same idea. The western aviary has been practically rebuilt. Its new tidiness is refreshing: the mynah seemed to go up his scale with a fresher vivacity and the bulbul fly more freely in the wider space. The quality of sympathetic tidiness was also conspicuous in the pheasantry completed early in this year. The gravel paths and green lawns and little bunches of shrub, if a little like the front gardens of suburban villas, gave each run a suggestion of open-air freshness which finds its justification in the health of the birds. This pheasantry by the eastern entrance was the first and last enclosure we saw at our latest visit; and it served to make and confirm the impression that the Zoo is on the way to becoming a pleasant home as well as a curious collection.

SPOLETO.

ON first coming to Spoleto it is to the Cathedral we climb breathlessly, for her ways are steep and ruinous, to see the frescoes of one of the most delightful of the Florentine painters Fra Filippo Lippi. They are his masterpieces and tell the story in brief of the Virgin Mary in her own Cathedral S. Maria Assunta. The chief fresco is that of the Coronation of the Virgin. Pale from the encounter with death in which but a moment ago she has proved victorious, tall and slight, Regina Angelorum is crowned not by Christ her Son but by God the Father, in a heaven delicate as the petals of the flags in the valleys full of corn powdered with stars that seem to have risen just over the sea. The sun and the moon beneath her feet are lesser glories where she is. About her a company of angels sings and dances for joy, since heaven is by so much richer than our earth. A few with a shy and timid grace, magically charming, hand her some flowers from the highways

or the woods of heaven as though to ask her if they might be sweeter than the lilies she loved as a girl or the wild flowers of Palestine. The rest of the frescoes, the Annunciation in which she stands so surprised, so agitated that she twists her fingers together and is not sure what to answer; the Nativity a magnificent fresco, now but a shadow and the Death of the Virgin where Christ Himself with a tenderness—but with a tenderness and love—carries His Mother to heaven are much over-painted and by a lesser hand. And yet we catch some shadow of Filippo in them all, so that even in their ruin they are not the least among the precious things at Spoleto.

In a quiet and sunny chapel of the great church the dust of Fra Filippo, that vagabond and joyous mortal, was laid by the jealous people of Spoleto in 1489. Lorenzo de' Medici, who seems to have loved him, tried in vain to secure his ashes so that they might lie in Florence. But Spoleto, proud and poor with but little that was very precious in her possession, would not have it so. You are rich and we are poor, she seems to have said, excuse us then if we keep the bones of this one great man which you can well afford to leave in our keeping. Lorenzo would seem to have consented, perhaps a little reluctantly, contenting himself with building a noble tomb for the painter in S. Maria Assunta and with composing a long Latin inscription.

The strangely adventurous life that came to an end here in Spoleto is very typical of one aspect at least of the Renaissance; its profound passion for liberty, its experiment in romance and sentiment, its desire above everything for passion. And it is curious and not insignificant that it is not in the exciting and creative earth of Tuscany that Filippo Lippi the fatal and erring son of the greatest of modern cities is laid to rest but among the quiet and blessed hills of Umbria, that mystical land that produced no great intelligence, only a spirit, that to how large an extent has influenced the world.

It is however a mood the very opposite to this that overwhelms us in the Chiesa del Crocifisso, which has been built from the ruins of a Roman temple. To-day its façade guards the Campo Santo with its hard white crosses and beady flowers and all the frippery of modern death. Magnificent pillars Roman and pagan group themselves round the choir and chancel, and the nave is ennobled by the remains of the shafts, now ruinous, that once bore the weight of some splendid roof. Pagan prayers to pagan gods, not dead but living in exile—perhaps in the ilex woods that crown the city and seem from here to envelop her in their sombre mantle—creep piteously into the warm sunshine that floods the church from the open door. They seem to knock at our hearts; and gazing at the feeble and terrible "decoration" of the Christian altar loaded with hard and crude artificial flowers and candlesticks covered with silver paper, it is rather of the nobility of that past that is present everywhere in Italy, of its beauty and its sufficiency that we think than of its superstition and decay in which it would sometimes appear to be closely followed by its Christian successor. And yet that is perhaps over-emphasised. Who, here in Spoleto, can resist the touching appeal of that little ugly shrine that greets the traveller on his way to S. Paolo, that old thirteenth-century church? It is a picture of S. Maria Immacolata and bears the marvellous and lovely legend "*Et macula virginalis non est in Te*". As I passed by at evening some children were decking the shrine with wild flowers gathered on the Umbrian Hills. The hideous cage that guarded Our Lady, perhaps from the stones of the unbelievers was starred with buttercups as lovely in their tender yellow as those which doubtless in old days sprang up beneath the footsteps of Persephone as she crossed the rivers of Sicily on her way to Demeter after her unwilling exile from our world.

The Convent of S. Paolo is now used as a poor-house, round whose walls are pictured not inappropriately perhaps, the Way of the Cross. In so peaceful a spot amid the cypresses and olives those who have been a little defeated in a wonderful world contemplate the way to heaven. But whatever it may be that attracts us so strongly in Spoleto,

she remains a perfect city of light and joy. S. Pietro, that magnificent fragment of Romanesque architecture, overlooking the ravine is but another example of her simplicity and piety. Behind the church rises the wooded Monte Luco, and on a platform reached by a series of antique steps this church, perhaps the most striking Romanesque building in Italy, has stood for more than a thousand years. Its façade is sculptured in relief with moral fables from the Bestiaries. Here the wolf feigns penitence in order to capture the lamb, the fox lies on his back to all appearance dead in order to seize, the more surely, the foolish doves. But it is only in this splendid and simple façade that the æsthetic critic will find delight; the church itself is but the mediocre whitewashed barn we grow so accustomed to in the South; with nothing really to recommend it, existing as it does without the mysticism and beauty of the Gothic building or the sense of space and light to be found in the buildings of the Renaissance.

It was Holy Week when I came to Spoleto; a certain silence and wistful sadness very touching in its simplicity seemed to invest the city; the streets were very quiet, the churches sombre and mysterious. All day long I watched the processions with their torches and innumerable tapers wind along the hot roads; all night as I lay in my bed I seemed to hear the sombre chants that accompany them up an endless Via Crucis. In reality it would seem Christ died this afternoon. It is true; now at last mankind is desolate. The tones of the *Vexilla Regis* seem to wave like long streamers from the church towers. Here at any rate we have heard the Bride, heart-broken and weeping, sigh to the world, that seems to be spread out in its entirety at our feet.

"O vos omnes qui transitis per viam, attendite et videte, si est dolor sicut dolor meus." Then there is silence. Spoleto with finger on her lip awaits the dawn of Easter. At last it breaks very cool and sweet and full of promises. An immense hope seems to have swept over the world. In the churches they sing again Alleluia, and I, with the whole city, go to the Cathedral to greet the Christ, new risen from the tomb, in the Easter Mass. It is for me at least the world of true romance, the real world of my dreams. At home Easter is so noisy, so icily jubilant, and only a little because Christ is Risen from the dead, if indeed we remind ourselves at all of so old, so far-fetched a story. For the most part in England Easter is a festival of a short cessation from toil in which brief moment it would be fatal to happiness to think of any sombre thing. But here in Umbria,—the real Italia Mystica—the days of Holy Week and Easter seem endless. Out of my window as I write I can see S. Mary of the Angels gleaming in the sunlight beneath the mass of the Subasio. It is only the mountains that hide Orvieto from me, and even perhaps Rome herself. The coiling Tiber shines for miles on his way to the Eternal City and the sea, and innumerable roads wind across plain and mountain to half a hundred cities that the world has forgotten. I seem to see them all in the soft lucidity of evening that is the most spacious part of the day in this land where every evening God paints for us those pictures which taught Perugino all he knew—his magnificent spaciousness, his sense of luminous light.

Before the sunset, Spoleto like a tall and sweet woman kneels on her hill and seems to pray. Ever she has the attitude of prayer, and after dark when her little lights gleam far over the ravine I seem to know that they burn before the shrines of many saints whose prayers she has desired, simple of heart as she is, kneeling at the head of her long valley under the soft sky.

EDWARD HUTTON.

DONATELLO.*

SINCE the days of Perkins and Sir Charles Robinson few additions of value have been made in English to the history of the Florentine sculptors of the earlier Renaissance. The fine collection begun at Kensington

has fallen behind recently in the race. French and German students, directors and collectors, have been more busy, and Donatello alone is the centre of a small literature, in which the chief names are Marcel Reymond, Bode, Semper and Schmarsow. A small book appeared recently in Messrs. Bell's series, but Lord Balcarras's volume is the most serious attempt that has been made to fill a critical gap in English literature. One or two features might have been borrowed from the books referred to, to make this study of the master more complete as a handbook. Thus a table, like Reymond's, might have been prefixed, giving the dates of works and events in the life vouched for by documents and an indication of the order assigned by the author to other works. In the second place, the English reader should have at his disposal such a collection of documents and notices as Semper has put together. It looks as if there had been some idea of doing this, for one or two "specimens" are given in an appendix. More no doubt would have been impossible in a volume written for a "series" like the present. The same need of compression has perhaps led to a treatment in short sections without further grouping or attempt at a general perspective of the subject. The shrinking from generalities has its commendable side, but if the book should ever be expanded, a clearer indication of the position and stature of the artist in imaginative history might be given. In the detailed treatment of these pages his pre-eminence at the Italian Renaissance and among the artists of all time hardly emerges with sufficient clearness; such a combination of monumental design, intimate human character, dramatic passion and tenderness the world has not seen twice; Donatello divined the ancients, and anticipated the moderns.

With this reservation Lord Balcarras's book can be recommended as a careful and sound review of its subject, containing much acute and illuminating comment. We may be allowed, parenthetically, to welcome the book for another reason, namely that its author will carry among men of affairs a knowledge and sympathy in matters of art that are dangerously rare in our public life. Certain judgments and phrases, however, call for reconsideration. As an example may be taken the references to Ghiberti: Lord Balcarras follows the usual view that the Florentines were right in awarding the prize to his panel instead of to Brunelleschi's. The prettiness of Ghiberti's art and the delicate finish of his bronze were the cause of this, but a glance at the rival panel shows how superior Brunelleschi's was in design as well as in dramatic force. Brunelleschi has considered the form of the panel in distributing his bosses; he centres the main motive and interlocks it with the secondary. Ghiberti's fretful protuberances have no such bigness of design and relation. Nothing shows the greatness of Donatello more than the fact that embarked as he was with Ghiberti on the dangerous and popular slope of semi-pictorial relief with its threat to visibility and telling decoration, he yet flattened the projections of his background figures and architecture so as to supply an eye-resisting plane. On either side of this compromise in story-telling relief he invented two other systems; one when he was free from the "story", that of his pulpit and cantoria, a trenchant architectural relief, with a flattening of the forward planes; the other a delicately wrought flat that does not pretend to be seen from a distance, but must be closely approached to give up its secret, like a whisper. It was the same sense of plastic law that governed Donatello's treatment of flowers and leaves in the cantoria design which Lord Balcarras contrasts to their disadvantage with the naturalistic festoons of Ghiberti. There are three main points in Donatello's activity that further investigation may do something to clear up. The first of these is the exact amount of his share in the series of prophets for the façade of the Duomo and Campanile. Donatello was young when he began this work; he began under the influence of a considerable artist, Nanni di Banco, to whom Vasari is unfair; and the Gothic tradition of this Jesse-tree of kings and prophets, losing its old virtues, retained enough force to impose at first a check on Donatello's independent mind. It was left for Michael Angelo to lift the conception to another sphere, reimagining the gallery of prophets as creatures of burden and fire. Yet

* "Donatello," By Lord Balcarras. London: Duckworth.

"Donatello," By A. G. Meyer. (Knackfuss's Monographs.) Grevel.

on the plastic side Donatello's "Abraham and Isaac" gave Michael Angelo his formula of composition (the "St. Matthew" is the closest imitation), the later artist's "Moses" owes something to the "St. John Evangelist" as well as to this group. Donatello's first vague conception of the prophets was probably that of learned professorial persons. The suave "St. Mark" of Or San Michele was a false start in this direction; but as his courage grew he sought out the most strongly marked characters he could find. The so-called "Poggio" is a masterpiece of portraiture and the "realism" of the "Zuccone" has been a perpetual stumbling-block for the *badaud* of criticism to break his shins over. The prophet that Donatello finally divined and pursued outside of this series was John the Baptist.

A second point that admits of debate is Donatello's share in the architectural renaissance. The mediæval sphere of imagination was broken up during Donatello's life not only by intruders like his divine laughing Cupid of the Bargello, but by the failure of the Gothic builders. The critical moment was their collapse before the problem of the Florentine dome, and Donatello is supposed to have accompanied Brunelleschi to Rome on that visit, his return from which was the signal for the sweeping away of the wretched parody of Gothic illustrated by the Duomo and Campanile. The question of Donatello's part in this revolution is complicated by his ten years' association with Michelozzo whose career, as Lord Balcarras remarks, has not yet been satisfactorily made out. The recent tendency of criticism has been to give Donatello credit for the architectural design of the work he did in conjunction with Michelozzo; Geymüller and Bode taking this view in opposition to Raymond. If this contention is right, Donatello was the original man in introducing some of the most striking secondary features of Renaissance architecture. This comes out if we consider the tabernacle of Or San Michele, which is now dated by the documents 1425, for this makes it earlier than the door of Brunelleschi's Pazzi Chapel, formerly supposed to be its model, and Michelozzo's door of the Noviciate of Santa Croce, which closely resembles it, would also be a repetition. There is an argument in favour of Donatello's authorship, which, so far as I know, has not been employed. Just before this commission was given, Donatello had been employed at Orvieto, and connected with his journey there is the anecdote of Vasari that he had passed through Cortona and been much struck there by a recently discovered Roman sarcophagus.* He described it to Brunelleschi, who set off there and then, walked to Cortona, and made a pen-drawing from it. Now this sarcophagus has not only the common Roman motive of winged genii holding a wreath, which is imitated on the Or San Michele tabernacle for the first time in Florence, but also at the upper corners two boldly sculptured masks, which are also reproduced on the tabernacle. These features, rather than the Dionysiac relief, though that too had its influence on Donatello, seem to have captured the fancy of the friends, and possibly Brunelleschi and Donatello struck out together the idea that appears in the tabernacle and later in the door.

On the other hand, the evidence of the work done in conjunction with Michelozzo and done by Donatello apart from him is *prima facie* against the view that would credit Donatello with the purer Renaissance design, the rather spare and elegant framework of the partnership. The Coscia and Brancacci tombs look like the work of two designers; they have exquisite parts but lack unity; the idea came better together in the hands of lesser sculptors afterwards like Bernardo Rossellino and Desiderio. Strongest of all is the evidence of the Prato pulpit and the cantoria. Donatello's frieze-motive is practically the same for both, but the former, carried out in partnership with Michelozzo, is framed in spare, classic elegance. The other, carried out at the same time by Donatello alone, breaks out into a style that is Donatello's own, robust and richly encrusted with decorative detail. Donatello had an incalculable imagination, could suddenly return from movement

and fever upon the Byzantine rigidity of the Paduan Madonna, and within the compass of a small relief vary from the seraphic to the grotesque, so that we are prepared for surprises; but this variation taxes probability pretty heavily. Two works, it may be noted, mark the transition. One comes certainly just before the pulpit and cantoria, the tabernacle in St. Peter's Rome. Here, bracketed out across the top of the tabernacle, unfortunately for its design, the idea of the pulpit intrudes, and lower down some of the putti gather, that belong to the same preoccupation. The other design is the famous Annunciation tabernacle in Santa Croce. Vasari puts it at the beginning of Donatello's career, but it probably fits in after the Roman journey. It is a cross between the old style and the new, and an ugly one, apart from the beauties of the two figures. The bow-shaped top is the same as that of the two doors that lead into the Prato pulpit (repeated in the door to the cloister of Santa Croce, perhaps a work of Michelozzo). But the decorative motives found here were developed more homogeneously by Donatello in his cantoria for the Duomo, the other for San Lorenzo, and in the screen and reliefs of the sacristy of that church.

On another debateable ground, that of the many reliefs of the Madonna and Child attributed to Donatello, space will hardly allow me to enter. The discoverer's and collector's pride has influenced Dr. Bode in this matter, and Lord Balcarras is rightly critical in many cases. The question resolves itself easily for the lover of art who is not doubled with the historian. The doubtful examples are not the best—the masterpieces are few. The finest in plastic invention and in sentiment are the noble example at Berlin from Santa Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi, and the almost more quintessential and passionate treatment of the same idea in the design of which there are versions at Verona and Berlin (p. 73 in Meyer). In all Italian art there is no version of the subject to match this at once for compact beauty of design and for its combination of dignity and tenderness. On another debated ground, the number of heads of boys attributable to Donatello, Lord Balcarras is more inclined to include than to reject; but it is difficult to believe that the Faenza bust is by the master.

Donatello is too vast a subject for a short article, and I can only briefly mention Herr Meyer's volume; a well-informed and readable account of Donatello's work, showing considerable insight at some points, with occasional lapses, like the denial of plastic beauty to the side-view of the Bargello "Baptist". Like all the numbers of its series this volume is richly illustrated, enlarged details being given in many cases in addition to the smaller photographs. D. S. MACCOLL.

SOME IRISH PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

THE other day I came to one of the rare oases that are in the desert of our drama. For one whole afternoon my feet were on very verdure, and there was clear cold water for my parched throat. We plodders through this unending commercial desert could not plod so bravely if it were not for the oases, dear in proportion to their rarity, offered to us by uncommercial little societies. "The sands are running out" somewhere, perhaps; but here, in this desert, they run on for ever, from every point of the horizon, down our throats. For ever and for ever we plod through "Lady Thingummy's drawing-room overlooking the Green Park" (a mirage, that Green Park), and for ever and for ever Lady Thingummy (played by Miss So-and-So with her usual grace and sensibility) gives her husband (whose rôle is sustained by the manager with even more than his usual sincerity and conviction) reason to suppose that her flirtation with Sir Blank Dash (Mr. Dash Blank has never done anything better than his impersonation of Sir Blank Dash) is a really serious affair, whereas, of course, all the while . . . Add a "decimal point recurring" over that last dot. Imagine those dots running on, like the desert's grains of sand, for ever and for ever, and then you will be able to enter into the feelings of a dramatic critic, and to realise with what joy he, condemned to an eternity and an infinity of

* "Pilo," in Vasari, "urn" in the English translation. But it is generally recognised that the sarcophagus at Cortona is the object.

barren drawing-room comedy or drawing-room comedy-drama, turns aside to such accidents as the Irish Theatre.

The afternoon's programme included three little plays: one by Mr. Yeats, "The King's Threshold", and two by Mr. J. M. Synge, "Riders to the Sea" and "In the Shadow of the Glen". Very widely though the three plays differed from one another, from all one derived the same quality of pleasure—the pleasure in something quite simple and quite strange. There was in none of the plays any structural complexity, and yet none of them was not truly dramatic. It is fashionably supposed that a playwright, in order to compass a truly dramatic effect, must steep himself in some kind of black art—must become a very wizard, master of all manner of mysterious processes whereat we outsiders dare scarcely guess. Well, of course, dramatic effect can be produced through many complex means. But it is a fallacy to suppose that only through such means can it be produced. Out of a dramatic idea you can produce a dramatic effect, even though you go about it quite simply and straightforwardly. You must, however, first catch your dramatic idea. That is where the amateur often fails, afterwards attributing his failure to his ignorance of technique. That parrot-cry "technique"! How many a good literary man has been scared off by it; and of how much, therefore, dramatic literature has been baulked by it! My advice to the terror-stricken is quite simple, and quite sound: first catch your dramatic idea, and then go artlessly ahead with your expression of it. When your play is acted, you will be delighted to find that the audience finds it quite dramatic: the idea will have carried it through for you. Belike, your very artlessness is an advantage. For though dramatic effect may be compassed through very complex and highly specialised means, the man who has mastered those means is often, in his turn, mastered by them, insomuch that one cannot see the wood for the trees. Mr. Pinero is an instance of a man who shows us only trees. Fine, upstanding, thriving trees they are, but—where is the wood? Mr. Yeats showed me a wood quite clearly, and Mr. Synge showed me two woods. And the sight was all the more welcome because there was no fuss about it. Simplicity! That was, also, the keynote of the stage-setting. I have no objection to rich scenery and dresses—so long as the richness be not inappropriate or excessive. But, just for a change, how delightful to have a management which, so far from trying to dazzle us into awed calculations of its outlay, rather prides itself on its poverty. There is a prologue to "The King's Threshold", and in the printed copy of the play, Mr. Yeats notifies that this prologue was "not used in Dublin, as, owing to the smallness of the company, nobody could be spared to speak it". Of course, the pride of poverty is not in itself less ridiculous than the pride of wealth. But it has, for the London playgoer, at least, the charm of newness. Apart from that, it was fitting that a play about legendary Ireland, and two plays about peasants in modern Ireland, should be produced as simply as possible. As for the acting, I am not sure that so much simplicity as the players exemplified was quite artistically right. Mr. Yeats' poetry, doubtless—or any other man's poetry—gains by simple recitation. Dramatic inflections of the voice, dramatic gestures and so forth, do, of course, detract from sheer melody; but, equally, their absence detracts from drama. For dramatic poetry, therefore, the right treatment is a compromise. And when these players, trained to heed Mr. Yeats' poetry, and untrained to express anything dramatically, came to interpret Mr. Synge's modern realistic prose, they did seem decidedly amiss. They, with their blank faces and their stiff movements, taking up their cues so abruptly, and seeming not to hear anything said by their interlocutors, certainly did impede the right effect of the play. For all that, I would not they had been otherwise. One could not object to them as to the ordinary amateur. They were not floundering in the effort to do something beyond their powers. With perfect simplicity, perfect dignity and composure, they were just themselves, speaking a task that they had well by heart. Just themselves; and how could

such Irish selves not be irresistible? Several of our metropolitan players are Irish, and even they, however thickly coated with Saxonism, have a charm for us beyond their Saxon-blooded fellows. The Irish people, unspoiled, in their own island—who can resist them? But footlights heighten every effect; and behind them unspoiled Irish people win us quicker and more absolutely than ever. And behind London footlights! There they have not merely their own charm, but that charm also which belongs to all exotics. Many people went many times, lately, to "In Dahomey", fascinated by the sight of a strange and remote race expressing through our own language things most strange to us and remote from us. Well, we are as far removed from the Irish people as from the niggers, and our spiritual distance seems all the greater by reason of our nearness in actual mileage. I admit that it was, in a way, more pleasant to see those niggers than to see these Irish folk. When we contemplate niggers, one clear impression comes through our dim bewilderment: we are assuredly in the presence of an inferior race. Whereas he must be a particularly dull Saxon who does not discern, and confess (at any rate to himself), that the Celtic race is, spiritually and intellectually, a race much finer, and also much more attractive, than that to which he has the honour to belong.

I spoke of the Irish Theatre as "an accident" only in reference to myself. I did not mean to imply there was not a good reason for the Irish Theatre, or that there was not an expansive future for it. For a national drama, you require dramatists and players. Acting is not a natural art to the inexpressive Saxon; but the inexpressiveness of Mr. Yeats' own particular players does not shake my conviction that to the Kelt the art of acting will come almost as naturally as to the Latin. Likewise, true dramatists are much likelier to crop up in Ireland than in England. When an idea occurs to an Englishman, his first impulse is to get it put into practice. An Irishman broods over an idea, and translates it into some symbolic form. For instance, it has occurred to Mr. Yeats that he is not taken seriously enough. People buy his books and compliment him very highly; but the State does not recognise him as a factor in public life. No title is bestowed on him. The Royal family does not make him its pet. He sees eminent statesmen, soldiers, lawyers, and other men of action, being petted and decorated all the time; but he, the man of Thought, is not invited to step out of his niche and join that giddy throng. Were Mr. Yeats an English poet, he would forthwith have written an article for one of the monthly reviews, forcibly demonstrating how necessary a part of the national life is Thought, and how extremely impolitic it is, therefore, for the State to encourage and honour only men of action. In fact, he would have done exactly what was done, a month or two ago, by Mr. William Watson. Were Mr. William Watson an Irishman, he would have written "The King's Threshold", telling us, with exquisite lyric fervour, the tale of the poet Seanchan, who, because King Guaire refused him his right to sit at meat among the great councillors and warriors, and thus dishonoured through him the majesty of all bards, lay down across the threshold of the palace, and there would have starved himself to death, had not King Edw—I mean King Guaire, relenting at length, kneeled down to him and offered to him the very crown. As it is, I admired Mr. Watson's article very much, and I readily admit that King Edward, a practical man, would be less quickly perturbed by the dream-laden beauty of "The King's Threshold" than by the urgent and unanswerable arguments in that article. Only, one can't have it both ways; and Mr. Yeats' way naturally seems to me, as dramatic critic, the better way; and, as it is also the typical Irish way, I have high hopes of poetic drama in Ireland.

There is plenty of poetry in "Riders to the Sea", modern peasants though the characters are. The theme is much the same as in Heijermans' play "The Good Hope"—a mother whose youngest son is drowned, as all her other sons have been drowned, at sea. Mr. Synge, being an Irishman, is content to show us the pathos of his theme: he does not, as did Heijermans,

try to rouse any indignation. "So it is, and so it must be" is his tone. It is the tone of the mother herself, whose acquiescence is deeper than the acquiescence of the mother in "The Good Hope". She submits not merely because it were vain to rebel. To rebel is not in her nature. She has the deep fatalism of her race; and for her, the things that actually happen, for evil as for good, are blurred through the dreams that are within her. "In the Shadow of the Glen", as a farce, is not less typically Irish than the tragedy. In particular, it illustrates a very odd thing about the Irish people: their utter incapacity to be vulgar. What this farce would be like if it were translated by an Englishman, into English life, and were enacted by English players, I shudder to conceive. But I delight in the recollection of it as it was. And still cherished in my ears are the soft echoes of the brogues . . . Certainly, the Irish Theatre was an oasis. I will not trouble you, this week, with any samples of the sand I have since collected.

MAX BEERBOHM.

THE CITY.

OUR climate is responsible for much and a chart illustrating the course of the prices of stocks following the state of the weather would be interesting and instructive. The bright sunshine of the past week has been decidedly reflected in the generally better tone of the markets, due in a large measure to the encouraging progress of our affairs with France and strengthened by the statements made in regard to an understanding with Russia as to our intentions in Tibet. All this of course spells confidence and the result has been seen in the improvement in most gilt-edged securities, more particularly Consols and the new Irish Loan, the latter having risen to $1\frac{1}{8}$ premium.

Money has been in good demand and the disbursements on account of dividends on the Funds and Bank stock have enabled the market to liquidate a large portion of its indebtedness to the Bank. The position however has not justified a decrease in the official rate, which remains at 4 per cent.

The chief item of interest in high finance has been the issue of £2,000,000 of 4 per cent. Treasury bills at 98½ by the Cape of Good Hope. These bills have a currency of three years and carry an option of conversion into the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock at 103. The terms are of course very favourable, as the yield on the above basis is $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., whilst to those who were fortunate enough to obtain a portion of the underwriting at 1 per cent. the return is nearly 5 per cent. We understand that a small issue on behalf of the City of Bloemfontein will shortly be made, the rate of interest being 4 per cent. and the issue price 96; as the loan will have a currency of 50 years and the money will be spent on reproductive works, the loan, which is well secured, may safely be applied for by bona-fide investors.

Traffic on the Home railways have naturally shown an increase in consequence of the holidays and the improvement is more especially shown in the southern lines. The reports from railways in Canada and South America are also favourable and in both these sections we anticipate a steady appreciation in values. International stocks, other than those of Russia and Japan, have been a firm market but the political outlook in the Balkans is far from reassuring and the rise in Turks is largely due to artificial causes.

The American market has been extremely interesting, and we are disposed to believe that we shall see considerable activity in that section, partly because of the impending elections and the usual speculation in anticipation of the crops. Those on this side who may have bought at higher prices should in our opinion hold on to their stocks and provided those holdings are in lines with a real basis of value such as we have named in these columns, a further purchase to average would probably prove advantageous: the reports received from America on the prosperity attending the southern lines in consequence of the high prices ruling for cotton confirm the opinions we have expressed in recent issues. It is decidedly difficult to arrive at a definite conclusion regarding the preference stock of the United States Steel Corporation. It is true that

the recent dividend of $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. for the quarter has been paid not altogether from earnings but the figures show an increase for the last month of the quarter and we have heard an extremely high authority state his opinion that a purchase of Steel Preferred shares to put away as an investment is certain to prove satisfactory in the long run.

The better reports as to the plague, and the favourable opinion expressed by a shrewd and cautious magnate who has just returned from South Africa on the general position and particularly as to the substantial economies in working costs which are being effected, have contributed to a marked improvement all round. But the public have not yet commenced to buy and until the additional labour is secured and the full effect is felt of the economies we have referred to, it is unlikely that the public will interest themselves beyond their present holding; meanwhile the influential houses would be well advised not to force the pace.

THE SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

COMMENTING recently on a book about Life Assurance we expressed the opinion that the attempt to judge of the relative merits of Life offices by hard and fixed rules is very apt to produce erroneous impressions, and to lead to the selection of an inferior company in preference to a superior office. The truth of this remark is well illustrated by the case of the Scottish Provident Institution. In the ordinary way there are scarcely any better tests of the merits of Life offices than the margin which exists between the rate of interest assumed in valuing the liabilities, and the rate earned upon the funds; and the difference between the rate of expenditure provided for and the expenses actually incurred. These tests, however, quite break down in the case of the Scottish Provident. Last year its funds yielded interest at the rate of £3 18s. 5d. per cent.; while at the valuation made at the end of 1901 a rate of 3 per cent. was assumed for the greater part of the liabilities, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the remainder. This leaves a margin for surplus which is small when compared with that of other companies which value their liabilities at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and yet obtain a return upon the funds which is as good as the yield from the funds of the Scottish Provident.

The unintelligent person applying normally sound rules would rightly judge that he would probably receive a smaller bonus from the Scottish Provident owing to the surplus from interest being less, and he might be led to suppose that the assurance which he obtained from this institution would be inferior to that which could be purchased elsewhere. Again, he might notice that the provision set aside for expenses left little or no margin above the expenditure actually being incurred, whereas in other offices there may be a surplus from this source of something like 10 per cent. of the premiums. Yet in spite of these facts the Scottish Provident gives particularly good results to its policyholders. The explanation of the breakdown of tests which are generally useful and reliable is that the Scottish Provident works on the special system of charging extremely low premiums. Its rates are not much higher for participating policies than the non-participating rates of other companies. Ever since the office was founded in 1837 it has aimed at giving the largest amount of insurance protection compatible with safety, in return for a given amount paid in premium. It was necessary in those days and, to some extent, it is necessary still to provide a margin for contingencies, such as a heavier rate of mortality or a lower yield upon the funds than might be expected. The provision so made naturally results in a surplus, which in a mutual office can only be returned to the policyholders. The Scottish Provident adopted the plan of paying bonuses to those policies only which remained in force until the premiums paid, accumulated at 4 per cent. compound interest, amounted to the sum assured. Its object was not to earn large bonuses but to provide Life assurance from the outset at the lowest price. It accomplished this purpose by providing smaller sources of surplus than companies which charge higher rates of premium.

In spite of this, however, the bonus additions to policies of long duration are sometimes very large. Two-thirds of the policies which became claims last year received bonuses which amounted to 50 per cent. of the original sums assured.

One secret of the success of the Scottish Provident is the economy with which it is managed, the average expenditure being about 11 per cent. of the premium income. Another cause of success is the permanent character of the business obtained. In spite of the fact that the new assurances have amounted to more than £1,000,000 for each of the last thirty years the business is not obtained by high-pressure methods, and it remains on the books of the company in a remarkably permanent and satisfactory way. Since it commenced business it has paid approximately £12,000,000 in claims, it has £25,000,000 in force at the present time, and the total assurances effected since the commencement have been 46½ millions, showing a cessation from lapse and surrender of less than £10,000,000 in the course of sixty-six years. To those who know the serious loss which is incurred by many other companies in obtaining business of a character which is not permanent at a cost for commission and expenses which is ruinously high, it is at once apparent that the economy and the permanent character of the policies in the Scottish Provident are causes of great benefit to its members.

In another direction also the good management of the institution is very apparent. The chairman was able to make the exceptional announcement that notwithstanding the depression which has occurred in first-class securities during the past year the company has not suffered in this respect, and may even gain from the depreciation owing to the opportunity of purchasing good stocks at exceptionally low prices.

A noteworthy item in the accounts is that the loans on the policies have increased during the past year to the extent of £100,000: this security is one of the best which a Life office can hold, and that loans should have been made to so large an extent shows the great value of a Life policy as a means of providing temporary financial accommodation.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PUZZLES OF PERSONALITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 Fairlawn Park, W., 4 April, 1904.

SIR,—The puzzles of personality are made more puzzling by the confusion of terms. "Soul" and "spirit" are often used interchangeably for the innermost, the manifesting principle, and the term "spirit" is also used to denote the sublimation of matter which forms the "spirit's" bodily organisation. The great reconciling conception, which I call the Neo-Materialism, regards matter as the lowest mode of the one substance, and the "spiritual body" and the whole spiritual universe (as the evolutionary outcome of physical cosmos) as constructed from higher modes of this substance. The conception of a finer material or spiritual body within the outer body, which is released from its prison-house of clay at "death", not only meets the materialist's demands—or objections to the idea of an after-life—it also throws great light on the puzzles of personality. This etheric body is a glorified copy of the physical body with faculties of exalted power. These are usually latent during our waking hours, but may be brought into halting activity under certain abnormal conditions, such as hypnotic or other trance. Keep this in mind as a working hypothesis, and then a little thinking will clear up many of these puzzles; and justify my assertion that there is a transcendent genius within each of us. This does not reduce us all to a dead level, as the writer of your unusually fair and interesting article thinks. We may be fundamentally alike, all sparks of the Divine, and yet be all in different stages of development.

It is curious that science should be now proving what Plato dreamed and Plotinus announced, that our ordinary consciousness reveals but a part of the

wondrous soul potentialities in each of us. These powers, being too great for the physical organism to afford them adequate expression, may under certain unusual conditions partly manifest themselves, as in the super-normal powers displayed in trance, or in the inspirations of genius. "Nature's Divine Revelations", dictated in hypnotic trance by an uneducated youth (now Dr.) A. J. Davis, is, in spite of all blunders, the most wonderful book in our language, and roughly outlines the great reconciling philosophy of the future.

The present state of the controversy in which I took the Pro, and Mr. Podmore the Con, is this: Certain marvellous phenomena are now accepted by the well-informed as scientific facts. One party explains these as the work, through human media, of discarnate human beings, "spirits"; the others claim them to be wholly the work of faculties and powers of man usually latent, the work of the subliminal self. This explanation makes greater demands on my credulity than I can accede to. I contend that these wonderful facts can only be accounted for by both explanations. Bearing these in mind we get glimpses into what Tennyson calls the "abysmal depths of personality", and its spiritual environment, and a clue to some of these puzzles.

Yours truly,

E. WAKE COOK.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 March, 1904.

SIR,—On page 355 you write "the true objective is the repeal of the Cowper-Temple clause". Many thousands would unite in this aim if any hope of success were held out to them. At present, the papers are full of "compromise"; you cannot base a child's education on a compromise.

Can we not agree on an enactment that in every public elementary school every child shall be taught to speak the truth? We are entitled to know those who would object to that enactment. Are we safe without it? If we secure that, need we quarrel any more? Would it not extract the mischief out of the Cowper-Temple clause? It would then be a *sine qua non* that the teachers must be truthful, and managers must know what makes them truthful. If it is asked how this teaching can be secured, let it be enacted "by an accurate appreciation of the Scotch form of oath or declaration which is 'I swear by Almighty God [or I solemnly and sincerely declare and affirm] as I shall answer at the Great Day of Judgment, that the evidence I will give shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth'".

When this proposition is made it may be opposed; and then the undenominationalists, unsectarians, passive resisters, and the like, will see, disclosed to view, the anti-Christ, which aims at our ceasing to have a Christian State in control of the elementary education of the children of England, which has stood out so long before the world as a Christian country. The Cowper-Temple clause has already done more than enough in this direction. After more than thirty years' experience, I sign myself,

A CHURCH SCHOOL MANAGER.

AGRICULTURE AND EMPIRE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

41 Sherriff Road, West Hampstead, N.W.

4 April, 1904.

SIR,—An enormous quantity of nescient balderdash has been written anent the ruin of the British farmer, and the fact of his survival is perhaps but an admission of the hardihood of his constitution. Government apathy is largely responsible for the deplorable obstinacy with which most farmers contest innovations, scientific and other, which are really designed to improve their condition; but this bigotry was laid aside upon Mr. Chamberlain's outlining his proposal for a tax on imported corn with a salvo in favour of the Colonies, and they were willing to support him.

A small instance will show the existing anomalies accepted as free trade. The grain rate from Eastleigh and Bishopstoke to London is but one penny per ton dearer than from Southampton Docks; and thus free trade resolves itself into protection—for the foreigner against our own farmers! Britain, admittedly, can never supply her cereals demand; but Britain and Canada could. Our imports of Canadian dairy produce have been steadily increasing in face of an indifference almost amounting to positive discouragement, which is as inimical to our interests as to those of the Dominion. A preferential tariff and reciprocity would make mother country and colony in large measure self-supporting. The impetus given to agriculture would create a demand for labour, of which there is already a scarcity in Canada, which could be met by emigration from over-populated Britain, under Government control.

Yours faithfully,
A. J. SKEY.

"A" OR "AN".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Oakwood Cottage, Shortlands.

SIR,—The lengthy correspondence in the SATURDAY REVIEW about the indefinite article has surprised me. I had no idea there was any difficulty or dispute about its use. In recent years, it is true, I had noticed, in newspapers and novels, instances which I attributed to carelessness or ignorance of the rules that I learnt at school some forty years ago, namely, that "an" is used before a word beginning with a "vowel-sound" and also before the aspirate "h" when the first syllable is weak or unaccented. Words like "unit", "European", do not begin with a vowel-sound and should therefore be treated like "youth". Does anyone say "an youth"?

Nor is there much doubt as to the origin of the indefinite article. "An", the original form, is merely a weak numeral. "A" is a still weaker form, which has supplanted "an", except in the above cases.

There is no ground for assuming French influence as suggested by Mr. Lindsay, who falls into a serious error with regard to the corresponding French article. In "un sabre" the "n" is "absolutely" silent and only indicates that the vowel is a nasal one. The "n" is sounded only in "liaison". Mr. Lindsay seems to be under the baleful influence of the French pronouncing dictionary of a past age in which the article figured as "ung".

Yours faithfully,
J. G. ANDERSON.

[We hold our correspondent's statement of the rule as to "an" to be the correct one.—ED. S. R.]

"HUNG" OR "HANGED"?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Wigwam, Wortham, Diss, 3 April, 1904.

SIR,—Is it so certain as Mr. McNeill avers that it is grammatically nefarious to say of a felon—executed on the gallows—that he is hung? If my memory be not at fault, Thomas Hood the elder ended a stanza—in a poem wherein he was recalling personal reminiscences of his old schoolfellows—with the line "And blithe Carew is hung". It may be (of course) that this use of the past participle of the verb to hang is a lamentable lapse on Hood's part—nothing short of downright murder of the King's English—but (before proceeding to "hang draw and quarter" the poet's literary reputation) the question seems to be worth considering, whether the use of the word impeached the other night in the House of Commons may be not merely pardonable by poetic licence—"metri gratia"—but lawful and even laudable according to the testimony of some of the most famous of British authors. The Imperial Dictionary cites the following instances in proof thereof—"Suppose he should have hung himself."—B. Jonson. "Was hung by martial law."—Southey. "Hung brave Sir Hugh."—W. Morris.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,
E. T. FRERE.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S STANDARDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Moscow, 29 March, 1904.

SIR,—Will you allow me to make a slight rectification? In my review I stated that the peculiar mixture of "natural magic" and "felicity of diction" which we find in Shakespeare and Keats was precisely what Crabbe lacked. I said he had, at his best, the quality of "inevitableness". The standards were applied deliberately.

I am, Sir, yours,
MAURICE BARING.

WHISTLER AND THE NATIONAL ARTS COLLECTIONS FUND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

73 Chester Terrace, Chester Square, S.W.
5 April, 1904.

SIR,—This has been heard of—bruted about—before; but no one who knows Whistler's genius, really, can suppose that this particular "Symphony in Grey"—whatever be its charm—would adequately represent him in our national collection. And the newly constituted and excellent society that is appealed to, is little likely, I should think, to further its acquisition.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,
FREDERICK WEDMORE.

TAGS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Cracknells, Norton, Yarmouth, I.W.

SIR,—"There is nothing new under the sun." More than three hundred years ago, Francisco Quevedo de Villegas wrote his "Premática que este año de 1600 se ordenó". Therein he inveighs bitterly against the use of tags. "First of all be the use of tags abolished, and be it enacted that neither openly nor secretly be they employed, however convenient their use may be". He then proceeds to give a lengthy list of the proscribed expressions, most of which are purely Spanish, but amongst them I detect some very old friends, to wit—

"Give and take." "The state of affairs." "Go to the devil." "Canaille." "The Tower of Babel." "Two bodies and one soul." "In course of time." "The fleshpots of Egypt." "Many are called but few are chosen." "Castles in the air." "Peter in the garden." "Worth its weight in gold." "A je ne sais quoi." "The rolling stone." "The bird on the wing." "The voice of one crying in the wilderness." "Suave mari magno." "Experimentum in corpore vili." "The bitter truth." "Who breaks pays." "Pay him out in his own coin." "Under the cloak of heaven." "A propos de bottes." "As mild as a sheep." "As brave as a lion." "The kiss of Judas." "I have him by the short hairs."

I am, Sir, yours, &c.
THOS. B. HARBOTTLE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

New York, 24 March, 1904.

SIR,—A very tiresome tag, much used of late by writers for the press in Great Britain as well as in the United States, is "the Man in the Street". Another—mostly used by ladies, is "in a way". Both are used by people who are in a somewhat obfuscated mental condition—incapable of saying clearly what they mean, and in conversation the expressions are often followed by the maddening tag, "you know what I mean," when you don't, and are unable to find out any definite meaning in what has been said because of its incoherence. These phrases with others come—nobody knows whence, and are immediately adopted and constantly used, by

human parrots, until they become intolerable, and then they pass out of hearing as mysteriously as they came.
Yours faithfully, G. H.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

74 Grosvenor Road, Highbury, London, N.

Saturday, 2 April, 1904.

SIR,—I am anxiously awaiting the result of this competition, which appears to be drawing to a close; whether from lack of competitors or exhaustion of tags need not be considered. It seems to be clear, however, that had your competing correspondents not been allowed to interpret the word "tag" as including in its meaning every saying, or expression, or formula of words, that has become current in the language, the competition would have been closed, weeks ago, for want of sustenance. For example:—In your issue of 2nd inst. your correspondent, who signs himself "The Distinguished Strangers' Gallery" takes exception to the formula "I rise to" (move, oppose, &c.). Is that a tag? As you have not ruled it out as inadmissible, it must be held to be a tag, at any rate for the purpose of the competition, but the question still remains whether, in objecting to it, he is not hypercritical. It is of course perfectly obvious that when a man rises he rises; it is equally obvious that when a man is going to Paris he is going to Paris, but there is nothing "taggish" in his saying: "I am going to Paris to" (see the "Gioconda", or consult a MS. at the Bibliothèque Nationale, or see the new piece at Antoine's, &c.) though it is true he could not possibly carry out his object without going to Paris. On the contrary; it is a perfectly simple, natural, logical mode of speech, and is, I submit, strictly correct. It expresses a purpose or intention, and is therefore *telic*. That is the sense in which one says: "I rise to", viz.: "in order to" (then follows the purpose or intention, whatever it might be). No one can be supposed to mean "I rise so that I may be able to" (for that is self-evident). Your correspondent has accidentally overlooked the difference between *telic* and *ecbatic*.

I do not enter the lists in competition for the prize you offer for the selection of the worst three tags, as I do not believe there are any worst tags, though there are perhaps a few bad ones and one ("as long as human nature remains what it is") at least which is as great an enemy to intellectual honesty as the judicial oath is a friend to the perpetuation of falsehood. But I do firmly believe that there are worst *users* of tags, and would gleefully vote for their being gibbeted if you could see your way to be responsible for a holocaust of executions.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
D. N. SAMSON.

MR. ALEXANDER'S COUP.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

S. James' Theatre, S.W.
30 March, 1904.

SIR,—Mr. Max Beerbohm in his article entitled "Mr. Alexander's Coup" wrote: "In the general uproar, I pause to shed a tear over poor Herr Otto Erich Hartleben, who might, but for Mr. Alexander's happy thought, have been going to draw pleasant fees 'for at least six weeks'. I hope he will have enough pride to return the miserable three-night cheque which Mr. Alexander will have posted to him."

I wish to state that before the above paragraph appeared I had paid Herr Hartleben fees for sixty performances of "Love's Carnival".

Your obedient servant,
GEORGE ALEXANDER.

[Mr. Alexander, having seen fit to behave thus, may have imagined, subsequently, that I thought such behaviour would be not unnatural. I hasten to assure him that I wrote in jest, and that, in comparison with him, I now regard Don Quixote as a scoundrel.—MAX BEERBOHM.]

TO JOHN CHURTON COLLINS.*

COLLINS, that with the elect of Greece and Rome
Dost daily in familiar converse dwell—

Have I not sat, long after bell on bell
Have tolled the noon of night from spire and dome,
To hear you summon from their shadowy home
The laurelled ghosts obedient to your spell?
Bards from the fields of deathless asphodel,
And one with locks white as the Chian foam.

Oft be it mine, at your fireside, to meet
The phantoms that assail not, nor alarm;
The gracious lyrist of the Sabine farm,
Coming cool-thoughted from that green retreat;
Or loftier Mantuan, more divinely sweet,
Lord of the incommunicable charm.

WILLIAM WATSON.

REVIEWS.

DANTE'S HEAVEN AND EARTH.

"Studies in Dante." Third Series. By Edward Moore. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1903. 10s. 6d. net.

THIS third volume of Dr. Moore's "Studies in Dante" in no way falls behind the others. It contains certainly two articles which are quite invaluable to the student even in his novitiate, those on the Astronomy and Geography of Dante. Of these the first will probably prove the more attractive, for Dante's astronomic theories are so closely bound up with every part of the "Divine Comedy" that it is impossible to understand its general argument and structure without comprehending at least the outlines of Dante's theory as to the construction and motions of the universe. Therefore a treatise putting the whole argument in a succinct form was perhaps the most useful work remaining for Dr. Moore to render to his fellow Dante-worshippers.

Without this knowledge countless passages throughout the poem remain deprived of meaning and the whole construction of the "Paradiso" is incomprehensible. Dr. Moore has collected all the passages which present any difficulty and explained them besides giving a general treatise on the subject. Thus he equips the reader at all points. We are glad to see that he brings out many instances of resemblance and contrast between the astronomical ideas of Milton and Dante. But while the views of the latter on these matters were clear and supplied his greatest work with a setting, Milton's attitude towards theories of the universe seems wavering and uncertain. In "Paradise Lost" Book VIII. v. 159 et seq. he makes the angel advise Adam to trouble himself little on such matters.

"But whether thus these things or whether not;
Whether the sun predominant in heaven
Rise on the earth; or earth rise on the sun
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid."

Anything more divergent from Dante's method of regarding these problems could not well be imagined, but Milton of course, writing after Copernicus, had views of the universe before his mind which never disturbed Dante's reliance upon the Ptolemaic system. Milton in his treatment of astronomy clearly owed much to a close study of Dante and Dr. Moore shows this. Especially is it so in the case of his exposition in the tenth book of "Paradise Lost" of the methods employed by nature to supply the world with a variety of seasons and their products. The context of the passage quoted from "Paradise Lost" Book X.

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668 sqq. is also one of the strangest instances of Milton's besetting fault, the pedantic and tiresome display of a vast amount of barren erudition. Into this error Dante in the "Divine Comedy" never falls, even his least comprehensible arguments have a definite object and he never parades learning for the sake of astonishing the reader.

Dr. Moore claims to convict Milton of an error where, speaking of the sun at its creation he says

"The gray

Dawn and the Pleiades before him danced".

Dante's correct picture is contrasted with this, for he rightly represents the sun in the spring equinox (when according to mediæval ideas its creation took place) as preceded by the sign of the Fishes. "Milton" says Dr. Moore "thinks of the pictorial or poetic effect, Dante of the actual fact." We have seen a suggestion in some commentary on Milton that he probably drew the idea of this passage from Guido's "Aurora" and that the seven damsels there represented are not the Hours as has been commonly assumed but the Pleiades, for there is no reason why there should be seven Hours. This apology for Milton seems to us ingenious but not convincing. But Dr. Moore's dictum in comparing Dante with Milton is undoubtedly correct as a general theory of their methods of dealing with natural phenomena. The extraordinary accuracy of Dante is indeed one of the most remarkable of his qualities. There is no vagueness about his scientific notions. Such as they were they were founded upon the best of the knowledge that lay open to him, he is therefore often "hard" but never "obscure". Dr. Moore truly says "no writer ever had more entirely clear ideas on every subject on which he speaks". We do not know of any contribution to the study of Dante's ideas more admirably conceived or carried out than this essay of Dr. Moore's on his Astronomy.

The paper on Dante's Geography shows an equally profound acquaintance with all the sources of information from which the poet's ideas of the globe's configuration must have been drawn, but the whole subject is far less obscure than that of the astronomy, though both sciences were perverted and thwarted in their development by considerations of theology. Arguments drawn from scriptural authority put a stop to inquiry or at all events made it suspect. Dr. Moore quotes one Cosmas who wrote a work entitled "Christian Topography" in the sixth century and stated his purpose to be the working out of "a scheme of the visible world from the teachings of the invisible contained in the Jewish and Christian scriptures". The concrete results of such methods may be seen in the "mappa mundi" at Hereford.

The remaining essays are on controversial matters always interesting to students of the poet, the "Apocalyptic Vision", the "DXV prophecy", "The Reproaches of Beatrice", and "The Epistle to Can Grande". It is unnecessary to say that Dr. Moore shows in all of these remarkable research and ingenuity. In our opinion he demolishes the iconoclastic arguments which have been advanced against the "Epistle" and his controversial style may be recommended to certain foreign critics who have shown a lamentable lack of self-restraint in handling their adversaries. They who love speculative excursions in Dante lore will find a most interesting discussion in the essay upon the "DXV prophecy" on the friendship probably existing between Dante and Emanuel ben Salomon, the learned head of a contemporary circle of Italian Jewish writers. In the same paper Dr. Moore attempts to prove that the number "515" translated into Hebrew numerals which are represented by letters spells Arric(h)o "and means the Emperor Henry VII." Hitherto it has been generally assumed to imply merely the word "Dux" transposed; but the suggestion of a Cabbalistic interpretation is highly ingenious and interesting. Dr. Moore however has to admit that there is no earlier authority for this use of a Cabbalistic interpretation for languages outside Hebrew. On the other hand Dante's mysticism might well have been excited by observing that 515 in Latin numerals spells "Dux" and in Hebrew "Harry".

THE COLONIAL RIVALRY OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

"France et Angleterre. Cent années de Rivalité Coloniale. L'Afrique." Par Jean Darcy. Paris: Perrin et Cie. 1904.

THEY who look forward to the development of good relations between France and ourselves as highly desirable both from the commercial and political standpoint will hardly welcome the appearance of M. Darcy's book. It is written in a spirit so frankly Anglophobe and emphasises in such biting fashion what he is pleased to consider the superiority of our diplomatic subtlety and foresight over that of the Quai d'Orsay that the present moment can hardly be considered the appropriate time for its publication. The author does not hesitate to say that the increasing evidence of friendly sentiment is delusive. There have been several instances in history of a similar impulse towards the formation of an "entente cordiale" and they have all alike collapsed under pressure of circumstances. He cites the Peace of Amiens, and the visits of sovereigns in the time of Louis Philippe and the third Napoleon and quotes sayings of Lord Chatham, Fox and Lord Grey. We may remark incidentally that the passage quoted from Fox was simply uttered in factious opposition to Pitt's sagacious commercial treaty with France. But the question is whether all this is not "vieux jeu". France, as a matter of fact, is no longer our most dangerous rival, her place has been taken politically by Russia and the United States and commercially by the United States and Germany. If this statement be wounding to French amour propre, we are sorry, but it is undoubtedly a fact. There is no reason why the colonial disputes that remain should not be settled between us but we have never failed to recognise the fact that a collision may be brought about at any moment by a quarrel on our part with Russia. But France is no longer the rival to be opposed and crushed everywhere as she was a hundred years ago.

After all honours are almost easy between France and England in Africa. If we have had the best of it in Egypt and on the Niger, France has secured Algeria and Tunis and helped to keep us away from the Congo. It is interesting to remember that while France withdrew from co-operation with us in Egypt, the English Government in 1830 had suggested a joint expedition to Algiers and then backed out. It may be that if we weigh the factors of our African empire against the French they may be found more valuable for development by Europeans and more splendid by historic association, but France has ample material for the occupation of her "empire-builders" as M. Delcassé has wisely pointed out.

The real author of French expansion in later years was Bismarck who was horribly nervous up to the day of his death as to the future of the fabric he had so laboriously constructed. Anything which drew the eyes of Frenchmen away from their Eastern frontier and tended to involve them in colonial quarrels is to the good of Germany. Whether or no France was wise in meeting these designs half way may be doubtful but one factor in the situation must not be ignored. It is inconceivable that under present European conditions any State can be a great maritime and colonising Power and a great continental military Power at the same time. France is trying to be both. She has been singularly favoured by fortune in the scramble for Africa, but suppose she were faced with serious outbreaks in her African and Asian dominions, and such troubles coincided with European complications, by no means an improbable conjecture? Speaking with perfect impartiality we can only express our conviction that the full recovery of her European position is only possible as the result of deliberate concentration of the national will and the designs of Government on one purpose, as was the case with Prussia after her defeats by Napoleon. Thereby alone can waste of energy be averted.

In the case of a rapidly growing population adapted to colonisation the case might be different, but the French population is neither growing nor adapted for colonisation and it may be seriously doubted whether one of her new possessions except possibly Algiers and

Tunis adds one iota to the prestige of France in Europe.

M. Darcy is a firm believer in the far-seeing Machiavellian character of British policy. This legend dies hard and no amount of evidence will disturb it. M. Delcassé, who has observed our proceedings in China, we feel quite sure does not believe in it. Even the history of our Egyptian policy is conclusive against it. Proposals for a resettlement of the whole question involving our evacuation of the country were made both by Liberal and Conservative Governments. These proposals it is true came to nothing, not through our own cleverness, but through the short-sightedness of France and Turkey. It may be true that we have no intention of evacuating Egypt to-day but that is due to the force of circumstances. If we had entertained the deep designs attributed to us, we should have superseded all European control over the Government of that country directly we had put down Arabi's insurrection. It was always a mystery to sagacious observers like Bismarck why we did not do so, and abolish the Capitulations at once. M. Delcassé extricated his country from the Fashoda muddle with as little loss of dignity as possible, but to save her prestige altogether was not possible. There never was an enterprise undertaken with less reflection in the face of repeated warnings than the Marchand expedition and the French Government had to pay for it. We are far from defending the policy of the Republican régime but there is enough common sense left not to risk the position of France in Europe for the extension of an empire in Africa already too vast. French policy has indeed suffered in coherency owing to the lack of a permanent head of the State who can deal with other potentates on an equality of experience and freedom from party spirit. A President is after all merely a party nominee and cannot have the same weight in personal intercourse either with his ministers or crowned heads as an hereditary monarch. This is the standing obstacle to great successes in French foreign policy. But the ship has been steered of late with singular wisdom and adroitness. M. Darcy adorns his argument with a considerable stock of political on-dits for which he merely vouches by a reference to unnamed witnesses. Some of them we believe to be true, the truth of others we more than doubt, but, if proposals were really made to France in 1899 to unite with Germany in attacking England on a promise to settle the question of her Eastern frontier on a basis satisfactory to the honour of both countries, then the French Ministry were well advised to reject the bait. No Frenchman who is free from the colonial frenzy thinks otherwise. It cannot be to the interest of France to aggrandise Germany at our expense. M. Darcy quotes a recent saying of the Austrian Emperor (whether apocryphal or not we cannot say) "*Hélas, il n'y a plus de France*". At times we have been tempted to believe this "blasphemy", as the author terms it. If we had considered merely the conduct of French Ministries at home we should have done so, but the prudent and admirable conduct of foreign affairs during the last few years has always given us pause. When France begins seriously to seek compensation for Strasburg and Metz in African swamps we shall agree with Kaiser Franz Josef. But, though we think M. Darcy's point of view mistaken, he has written a very interesting book which is clearly the result of much careful study not only of French but also of English authorities.

THE MANTLE OF LIGHTFOOT.

"S. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians." By J. Armitage Robinson. London: Macmillan. 1903. 12s.

THE swiftness with which the infant Christian society expanded both in numbers and in maturity of thought is not the less wonderful because it seems natural to us. We are so familiar with the shape which the community has assumed and with the range of ideas on which it dwells that we may fail to do justice to the decisive influence upon its growth of S. Paul, a man of genius as well as, in the more special sense, of inspiration. Yet we can trace with singular

completeness the development of his mind as it came into contact with the successive phases of Christian life in the churches he founded. We find him at first interested chiefly in the release of the individual Christian from the bondage of his former beliefs and observances. The new faith and hope, the relation to the new Master with the liberty that it brings, must be impressed upon the single soul. Then, as local societies take form, comes the office of the Church for the good of the individual, and lastly the individual is merged in the community, existing for its sake and finding his own fulfilment in its consummation. In the Epistle to the Ephesians, the latest of which we can be absolutely certain that it is the work of S. Paul, we find him taking strangely little interest, as Dr. Robinson well says, in the destiny of the individual as an individual. As in the Jewish Church—and no one was more conscious than S. Paul of his privilege in belonging to the Hebrew race—the nation gave its own peculiar character to its members, so it was to be with Christianity. The Jew was a Jew because he belonged to his people; his life, and his death if need be, were at its service. He could not dream, so far as he was loyal, of setting his personality in competition with the claims of nation and faith. So it was with the maturest thought of S. Paul. There was to be a corporate unity of Christians; the Dean of Westminster does well to insist that the "unity of the Spirit" of which the Apostle speaks means nothing less than this. But this unity was of far greater importance than the members of whom it was composed. It is the society itself which by its growth in extent and in character fulfils the purposes of Christ. To this point S. Paul had advanced, taught by his experience as an evangelist. The Epistle to the Ephesians is the high-water mark of his thought, and it would not be too bold to say of all Christian thought.

It is the prerogative of genius to forecast the future, and there is much in the Apostle's picture that was, no doubt, brought into existence under his influence in the infant churches of the first century, but that soon ceased to inspire Christian thought even as an ideal consciously present. How far the desire for a fuller corporate life which marks our own time is a direct outcome of Christianity, how far it is the outcome of the complex lessons of experience forcing the sense of a new need upon the general mind, it would be difficult to say. In any case the Apostle foresaw it and Christianity provided in anticipation the outlined scheme of a life that should satisfy the desire when it arose. Dr. Robinson is in the right when he says more than once and in impressive words that no generation between the Apostle's and our own has been so well able to appreciate his teaching as ourselves. Perhaps he has allowed himself to fall a little too much under the influence of the Christian Socialism of the day; it is true that he avoids the term "socialism" but its correlative "individualism" is conspicuous in his pages, and once at any rate has betrayed him into perilous exegesis. We cannot believe that when the Apostle warns his readers not to be "children carried about by every wave" he is wishing to raise them from "the immaturity of individualism". Their danger is from deceitful teachers, and individualism, selfish as it is, is not necessarily dishonest. But if, for once, he reads more into the text than is to be found in it, this does not lessen the accuracy of the general impression we derive from Dr. Robinson's interpretation or the value of the lessons he deduces. He makes us see the grandeur of the Pauline conception and its clearness in spite of its depths. He shows it as the Apostle's philosophy of history; not as a mere explanation of the course of events but rather as a new "imperial system", destined to unite mankind under the one head. And all this is set forth with admirable sobriety, without that rhetoric and looseness of thought of which we have seen too much of late, and not least in regard to the mission field.

The scale of the work shows the increase of the demands upon a commentator. A generation ago Lightfoot found it possible to combine text and notes and exposition in the same succession of pages. Dr. Robinson, adding it is true to his work a translation of the whole epistle, has been compelled by the growth

of his notes to separate his exposition from them and from the Greek, while his detached studies of points of importance are not briefer than those of Lightfoot. He claims, by referring the reader to the works of that great scholar, that his own is a companion commentary to Lightfoot's immortal three, and the claim is fully justified. If he shows that he has that more philosophic mind which belonged to Hort and Westcott, his method in scholarship is closely modelled upon that of Lightfoot. There is, of course, an advance that Lightfoot would have rejoiced to recognise, and sometimes the master's teaching is not only enriched but corrected. The Egyptian papyri, for instance, are now for the first time fully employed in a standard commentary, and their value revealed to students who are not specialists. For such students the volume has been written; and now for the first time they are offered a worthy comment upon this great epistle. It is a volume of which it is impossible to speak without enthusiasm. Dr. Robinson has long been known to possess scholarship of the highest order. He will now be recognised as a thinker and a suggester of thought who carries on the best traditions of the Cambridge school and ranks with the three great scholars from whom he has learned.

MODERN IDEALISM.

"Elements of Metaphysics." By A. E. Taylor. London: Methuen. 1903. 10s. 6d. net.

PROFESSOR TAYLOR has given us, in outline, a complete system of metaphysics; that is to say he has given us what he believes to be the most important truths about the universe as a whole, and about what seem to be the most important constituents of it known to us, together with reasons which he thinks sufficient to establish those truths. His beliefs on these points represent, we think, very fairly the beliefs which have been held by the greater part of British teachers of philosophy for the last thirty years. He is an "Idealist"; and, though no doubt other idealists would find plenty to disagree with, yet the reader may get from his book a very fair idea as to what are the kind of conclusions, regarded by idealists as probably true, and the kind of reasoning which they think sufficient to establish such a probability. There are few, if any, single books in English which give so orderly and complete an account of these beliefs; since most of those who hold them have confined their writings to special points.

Professor Taylor represents for the most part not only the beliefs but also the phraseology of modern Idealism: a phraseology which accurately expresses the nature of those beliefs, in that it can convey no single definite meaning to anyone. In other words, what he holds to be true generally consists of a larger or smaller number of quite different propositions, which he has not distinguished from one another, and of which some may be true while others are false; and the groups of propositions which he thus confuses are generally just those, belief in which is partly cause and partly effect of the current Idealistic phraseology. He is, however, entitled to special credit for the degree to which he has told us definitely which propositions he takes to be premisses and which to be conclusions; and also for what was perhaps a result of his attempt to distinguish premisses from conclusions—namely, the fact that in a few cases he has avoided both confusion of thought and ambiguity of language. It must, however, be owned that, where he is clear, it is peculiarly obvious that his conclusions do not follow from his premisses: and in this respect he perhaps fails to represent adequately the strength of the Idealist position. Where both premiss and conclusion consist of a medley of propositions which it is difficult to disentangle, it seems excusable to hold that the premiss may possibly contain some evidence for part or whole of the conclusion; and it is to this fact that the Idealist views, which Professor Taylor advocates, owe their strength; but where both premiss and conclusion are so clearly conceived that their entire lack of logical connexion is comparatively obvious, it seems less excusable to hold, as Professor Taylor does, that the conclusion has been rendered probable or certain.

With these qualifications Professor Taylor's work may have some historical value: it is perhaps the best single representative of the beliefs which were held by a considerable body of intelligent and well-informed men at a certain time and place, and of the kind of reasoning which they considered satisfactory. But Professor Taylor does not profess to be merely writing a history of beliefs: on the contrary he professes to be telling us that these beliefs are true, and to be giving us sufficient reason for thinking them so. In other words, his book claims to have some philosophical value, and it is with the justice of this claim that we are chiefly concerned.

Philosophy is a very difficult subject; and it is quite certain that anyone who writes about it will often be confused in thought and often use fallacious arguments. The mere occurrence of these faults, which we have already attributed to Professor Taylor, is therefore certainly not sufficient to condemn a philosophical work. But in order that such a work may not deserve condemnation, it is at any rate, necessary that an appreciable part of it should be occupied in advocating definite conclusions on disputed points by arguments which are neither obviously fallacious nor hopelessly confused. These tests of clearness and cogency in argument are what we should apply to any other work which professed to give good reasons for concluding on a new or doubtful point; and that they should also be applied in philosophy seems to be the more desirable, because, in this subject, the degree to which clearness and cogency are attained seems to depend very largely on the degree to which they are consciously sought. If a writer of any philosophic ability makes it his chief object to discover exactly what it is that he believes and exactly what reasons there are for believing it, it is hardly possible that he should not be rewarded by some success. But if we apply these tests to Professor Taylor's work, we fear it must be pronounced to have no philosophical value whatever. We must however be content to point out that on two of the most important points with which he deals—points which he himself recognises as most important, and to the proof of which we might therefore reasonably expect that he would have devoted his utmost care—his sole arguments are merely glaring fallacies.

In his second chapter Professor Taylor professes to prove two principles, which he declares to give us criteria of reality, and of the certainty of which he speaks with the strongest confidence. He constantly appeals to these two principles, throughout his book, as necessary or sufficient to prove hotly disputed conclusions. The first of these two principles is that "Reality, or the universe, is a self-consistent systematic whole". The phrase is very vague, and Professor Taylor does not define it; but he uses it in different places in several different senses, from which he draws most important conclusions. We need only note that he does not mean it in the only sense in which it is obviously true, namely that no pair of true propositions can contradict one another: on the contrary he asserts that it states something more and other than the Law of Contradiction, and that its truth can be inferred from that law. His proposed proof consists in the attempt so to infer it: and we need only show that he does not succeed in proving any principle whatever. The Law of Contradiction, he truly says, is a negative proposition. He then appeals to a doctrine of Mr. Bradley's, without distinguishing several different meanings which that doctrine may have, in favour of the assertion that every negative proposition implies some positive proposition. And he concludes at once that therefore this particular negative proposition "Of two contradictory propositions both are not true" implies the particular positive proposition "Any pair of true propositions are consistent in some other sense than that they do not contradict". We might just as well infer from Mr. Bradley's doctrine that, since 2 and 2 do not make 5, therefore there is a man in the moon. That some positive proposition may be inferred from the Law of Contradiction is no reason whatever for supposing that this one may; and consequently Professor Taylor's first principle is solely supported by a fallacy.

The same is true of his second principle—the

fundamental principle of idealism—that nothing is real except what is experienced. In proof of this Professor Taylor chooses to employ the method of definition: he tries to persuade us that when we call a thing “real” though we may mean much more than that it is perceived, we always do at least mean this. This method of proof always has the inconvenience that, if the proof is correct, the conclusion proved must be insignificant: if “real” does mean “perceived and something more”, then Professor Taylor’s fundamental principle can only tell us that “Whatever is perceived and something more, is perceived”. But in this case the definition is also definitely fallacious, for the simple reason that to say that a thing is perceived is to say that a perception of it is real. In other words, the definition of “real” cannot possibly include that of “perceived”, because the definition of “perceived” includes that of “real”. It is plain that when we say a perception is real, we cannot mean that it is perceived; and hence it remains an open question, whether other things, whether perceived or not, may not be real in the same sense in which a perception is.

Such are the arguments by which Professor Taylor supports his two main principles. Those principles may, no doubt, possibly be true, just as any fairy-tale may possibly be true; but Professor Taylor has given us no more reason to believe either them or the conclusions which he draws by their help than to believe any fairy-tale.

NOVELS.

“An Inarticulate Genius.” By W. R. H. Trowbridge. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1904. 6s.

Genius can only be known by its fruits. If a so-called genius remains inarticulate to the end of the chapter, as Mr. Trowbridge’s does, there is no proof that he is a genius at all. A habit of raving about the ideal fails to convince anyone that the person thus afflicted is the possessor of genius, and Mr. Trowbridge has not invested his hero with any other qualification. Dickie Murteen is intensely selfish and excessively emotional, as Mr. Trowbridge cleverly shows: but if such traits connote genius, then, unfortunately, genius is as common as stupidity. In an apologetic preface, wherein “babes, moralists, and Mrs. Grundy and her relations” are considerably warned off, it is asserted with some parade that “the author is entitled to claim his inviolable privilege of choosing his subject”. Happily the reader, also, has the privilege of choosing his; and there is a good deal to be said for the choice of those who prefer something not quite so morbid and decadent as the career of Mr. Trowbridge’s ecstatic hero.

“The Taskmaster.” By Alphonse Courlander. London: Duckworth. 1904. 6s.

“He stood among his fellow-men utterly alone, elbowing his way unaided through disaster to success; trampling on fellow-creatures, and using their bodies as stepping-stones to the goal he had set himself to win. He marched on his career, with firm-fixed jaw, and grim determination, over-riding all obstacles, ready to sacrifice anything in order to gain a step. He was a human Juggernaut, crushing everything and everyone that opposed his progress!” Such was Curtis Brunton, maker of bricks and taskmaster. There was a weak spot in this “human Juggernaut”, however, for he had a girl—his illegitimate daughter—living with him, and looking up to him as guardian. For Kate he had a strong affection, and though he bullied and underpaid his workpeople, and ground out of them all the work of which they were capable he did so partly to better Kate’s position in the world as well as out of sheer love of power, out of desire to bully men as he had been bullied by men in his struggle upwards. Though greatly successful in the eyes of the world, Brunton’s life was truly a hideous failure; though strong in opposition to other men he was a plaything in the hands of circumstances which arose more or less out of his own actions. A fire destroyed his home at a

moment when he wanted every shilling he could command in a duel with a business rival, and failure would have confronted him if he had not acceded to the pertinacity of a wealthy widow and sold himself into a new kind of slavery, which was in the long run to be his own undoing. It is a gloomy story, gloomy in the ambitions of the taskmaster, gloomy in the lusts of the woman whom he marries for the sake of a field of clay, gloomy in the downfall of his chief rival, and the degradation of his past love. The only hint of brightness—and that is shipped off to South Africa as too garish for England—is the love affair of Kate and Billy Curnock. Clever in its presentation of character, the story is for the most part depressing reading from the very opening where Mrs. Marlton flings herself at Brunton’s head to the close where Brunton flings himself, a failure, into the clay out of which he had moulded his worldly success.

“The Tragedy of Chris.” By Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert). London: Sands. 1903. 6s.

Lady Gilbert has made one corner of Irish life her special study, and has succeeded in describing the existence of the very poor, in slum and workhouse, with a sympathetic insight which is attractive. Her latest novel, however, is badly constructed. It opens well and characteristically with the story of a workhouse foundling, handed over to a kindly peasant woman in the Wicklow hills, drifting, on the death of her only friend, to the poorer streets of Dublin. But the book attempts to touch alien topics, and what might have been a successful story almost loses itself in excursions into such divergent regions as the archaeology of Dublin and the “white-slave” traffic. The pathos is never strained, and many touches of character are good, but the plot degenerates into the ordinary fairy tale which leaves Cinderella installed in her palace. Still the figure of the heroine is consistently drawn, and there is an odd charm about the childhood of her friend Chris, whose life ends miserably and sordidly, although her blind father used “to belt” her in anticipation to prevent her ever “intermixing with bad people”.

“He That Had Received the Five Talents.” By J. Clark Murray. London: Unwin. 1904. 6s.

This is a perfectly plain and straightforward narrative of life in a Scottish west-coast village, beginning sixty years ago, and brought up to date in the first hundred pages. The story, of the rise of a firm from small beginnings to a sort of Bournville or Port Sunlight, with episodes showing various influences brought to bear on the hero, is told with a calm elaboration that does not shrink from relating trivialities—details which might easily fail to interest, but are recommended to our attention by a curious wholeheartedness and intimacy of knowledge. The writer is in sympathy with Scottish middle-class life, and quite at home in the rather wearisome dialect. Each chapter is headed with a quotation, displaying catholicity of taste without wide reading. Thus the chapter entitled “The Village Blacksmith” is prefaced with a verse beginning:—

“Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands.”

The book is homely and wholesome, with three unsentimental Scottish love-scenes, and seven or eight social and religious discussions.

“The Rise of Ruderick Clowd.” By Josiah Flynt. London: Grant Richards. 1904. 6s.

This story of the life of an habitual criminal illustrates a tendency of American fiction to develop problems rather than situations. Refraining from the introduction of incidents of a particularly exciting character in the life of the “flash” burglar which forms the subject of his book, the author devotes himself to illustrating the various mental phases through which his hero passes in order to become an honest man at the last. The interest of the book is, therefore, mainly psychological, and Mr. Flynt, while displaying undoubted cleverness in his manner of handling his subject, is somewhat overburdened by the weight of the task which he has set himself. If he has failed to be quite convincing,

the fact is due rather to the inherent difficulties of the subject than to any want of thought or care on the part of the author.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Charles II." By Osmund Airy. London: Longmans. 1904. 6s. 6d. net.

Mr. Airy's book is popular history but sound enough. We do not know that it throws any new light on the reign and the character of Charles, and it is not of special distinction in form; but it is safe, and it is easy in the reading. In an interesting passage Mr. Airy suggests that Charles' three leading mistresses represent three phases in his character: Barbara Palmer the lustfulness of his Southern blood, Nell Gwyn the element of the Bohemian or strolling player that was ever in him, Louise de Kéroual his refinement—and we must all agree with Mr. Airy that Charles had his refinements. Mr. Airy writes of Macaulay as the master of descriptive writing in the language. He assuredly stands as master among the historians. Acton detested him as historian, found him a greater sinner than Carlyle or even Froude, but he wrung from himself the admission that Macaulay was almost the greatest of all English writers. His social history of the reign of Charles II. will probably never be out of favour. Macaulay had not Bruce's narrative to draw from in describing the death of Charles. It is wonderfully good reading. What an irony that Charles should just before his death speak with satisfaction of the lead roof at Winchester under which he hoped soon to sleep, when a few days later he was in his coffin!

"The Making of English." By Henry Bradley. London: Macmillan. 1904. 4s. 6d.

This is one of the most agreeable and informed little books of the kind which have appeared of late. If we are not much mistaken it will gradually find its way to a good many shelves on which "English Past and Present", "The Study of Words" and "A Select Glossary" are volumes held in honour and something of affection. We do not expect that Mr. Murray's book will have the great run which Trench's books had years ago. It has not their originality and literary charm, but it has an abundance of interesting information and comment which is not covered by Trench, and is always scholarly and refined. A particularly agreeable and informing chapter is that on "The Making of English Grammar". But the whole of this little book is worth reading.

"Subject-Index of Modern Works added to the Library of the British Museum, 1881-1900." By G. K. Fortescue. Vol. III.: N-Z. London: Published by order of the Trustees. 1903. 30s.

In this final volume there are several headings of special interest at the present time. Russia, with its Language and Literature, occupies 26 pages, and persons seeking information about it will find abundant material under "History", "Social Life and Culture" and "Contemporary Foreign Travels in Russia". Under Spain and Spanish Language will be found proof, if proof be needed, of the great revival in the study of things Spanish, while Psychology, Spiritualism, Typography, Shorthand and Postage Stamps are also subjects to which the last twenty years of the nineteenth century have contributed a voluminous literature. Taking the Index as a whole there are two points which, among many others, strike us as particularly worthy of notice. The first is the vast output of historical works in France, due to the special encouragement recently given by the State and its Universities to this branch of study; and it seems as though France must speedily be overrun with professors of history. While fully recognising the value and interest of historical research, we cannot but fear that such an exclusive course must tend to narrowness and parochialism, and to the decrease of that encyclopædic scholarship for which France has been so distinguished in the past. The second point is that now, for the first time in the annals of literature, the privately printed books are no longer suffered to remain in obscurity. Of most of these books only a few copies are printed, seldom more than a hundred often less than twenty, but usually a copy finds its way to the Museum. In former days it was simply catalogued under the author's name, and unless he became famous his work stood small chance of being consulted, however valuable it might be. But now it appears also in the Subject-Index, where folk-lore, philology, natural history and provincial topography exhibit many instances of notable contributions from scholars who have not sought a public beyond their own immediate circle. It is the boast of the Museum that it contains the best collection of the books of each foreign country outside that country itself, and it may add that its subject-index, for the period it covers, contains the best list of books outside a special bibliography in any given subject.

"General Sir Henry Drury Harness K.C.B., Colonel Commandant Royal Engineers." By the late General Collinson. Edited by General Webber. London: Royal Engineers Institute Committee. 1903.

This Memoir is published by the R.E. Institute Committee and places on record the changeable life of Sir Henry Harness. The motto of the Royal Engineers "Ubique" is well exemplified by this remarkable man's career. Joining the Corps of Engineers in 1826, he was for ten years (1834-44) engaged in instructing cadets at the R.M.A. Woolwich. During the next decade the changes of his employment were almost kaleidoscopic, railway commissions and post-office arrangements arising out of the rapid creation of our railroad system being among the most important. From 1850 to 1854 he was employed in the reform of the Royal Mint. Then followed a year on the Board of Public Works in Ireland, another at the War Office and yet another at Malta. During the Indian Mutiny he saw his only active service. From 1860 to 1865 he was engaged in the "Education and Organisation of the Royal Engineer Services" and as Chief of the School at Chatham he did much to advance the scientific training of our officers. He was led to resign this important post on account of the introduction of regulations whereby the selection of officers for carrying out the peculiar educational duties with which he was charged, was taken out of his hands. After several of his selections and recommendations had been ignored he resigned on the grounds that "it is not honourable to remain in an important administrative position when your recommendations are not attended to and there can be no administrative position in which this principle is more applicable than in the direction of a large educational establishment for the young officers of a corps who have to combine studious habits and the instincts of studious and scientific men, with military character". Before this he occupied many important public offices, among these being seats on the Cattle Plague Commission, the Royal Commission on London Water Supply and, last of all, the Siege Operations Committee of 1876.

THE APRIL REVIEWS.

Coinciding in their appearance with Holy Week and Easter, the articles in the April reviews which naturally are the first to catch our attention are two by Canon Henson on "The Resurrection of Jesus Christ" and "The Future of the Bible" in the "Hibbert Journal" and the "Contemporary" respectively. They are meant essentially to be read together, for they deal with the same problem, which may be stated thus: Has Biblical criticism rendered necessary a revision of the orthodox attitude towards the Bible? If yes, will this revision invalidate recognised formulæ in the creeds, articles and other official statements of the Christian religion? Does the necessity for a change of attitude towards the Scriptures with its consequent re-statement of Christian belief impinge on faith and the spiritual life of the Church? To these questions, Canon Henson would answer yes in the case of the former two and to the third no. We should say it was impossible to differ from Canon Henson on the first head. For ourselves we do not think intelligent Christians ought to be startled at the new attitude towards the Bible, for it is merely a rejection of a mistaken and cramped conception, which rested the truth of Christianity on documentary evidence—plainly a more or less shifting sand. We cannot differ from Canon Henson's conclusion that there is a real divergence in view between S. Paul's conception of the risen Christ and S. Luke's; and that S. Paul's is philosophically that which must stand. But we are inclined to think that Canon Henson tends too much to represent S. Paul's conception as amounting to nothing more than energetic survival after death. But the Resurrection, on any view, surely implies more than the immortality of the soul. We should like Canon Henson to make clear his position on this aspect of the Resurrection. It is, of course, quite clear that the Articles and many other formulæ will not agree with the view of the Resurrection set out by Canon Henson. After all, theology like other sciences is a series of hypotheses, every successive hypothesis rejecting so much of the untenable and accumulating additional grains of truth with, very likely, additions untenable as well. We wish we had space to show why we agree with Canon Henson that this view of Christian science (truly so called) is no assault on faith, that it does not disturb the believer's life in a living Christ. But in our view it emphatically does necessitate ecclesiasticism and a working authority.

The War in the Far East as a topic for discussion in the big monthlies almost drove out the question of the tariff war started by Mr. Chamberlain, but the paucity of news permitted to reach the strategists of the leading reviews has had the effect of diminishing the number of articles intended to tell the world what should happen in Korea and the China Seas. The "National Review" and "Blackwood's" show a quite masterly detachment in devoting no special paper to the subject; the

editor of the "National" dealing with it only in his notes. In the "Fortnightly," *Œdipus* is concerned not so much with the war as with the possible effect of the conflict on the internal economy of Russia. In a very able paper he suggests that as the Crimean war led to the Emancipation of the Serfs, so the present war may lead to some more autonomous form of government in Russia in the immediate future. Nihilism will not accomplish the forward movement: it will partake of the saner methods of reform known as peaceful revolution. The lower orders in Russia are becoming more enlightened and will in due time understand their power. "The deadliest foe that such a system of government as prevails in Russia can have is an educated working class. Such a class is now by way of being born. When it reaches maturity and begins to realise its power it will, unless all human experience goes for nothing, inoculate the very atmosphere with what Russians would call revolutionism, with what we know under the name of Liberty." The point with which the chief articles on the war are concerned is the ability of the combatants to finance the campaign. In the "Monthly Review" Mr. Maurice A. Gerothwohl makes an intimate and elaborate calculation in order to discover Russia's financial staying power. His estimate is that the resources at the immediate disposal of Russia amount gross to £95,000,000 and net to £80,000,000, but he does not think these resources could be drawn upon beyond some £40,000,000 without risk of exhaustion to a degree which would banish for a considerable period all hope of economic progress, besides stultifying the progress already made. The outcome of his calculations is that Russia will be able to carry on the war for eighteen months without resort to a loan. To what extent Russia's inquiries in the past month as to the prospects of a loan in various European countries conflict with his estimate we leave Mr. Gerothwohl to determine. Mr. Eltzbacher in the "Nineteenth Century" attempts to do for Japan what Mr. Gerothwohl does for Russia. His article is however rather a record of Japanese progress in various directions than an estimate of her ability to bear the strain of a great war, but he is convinced that Japan, whose wonderful prosperity has been entirely created by herself, will prove to be as strong in a financial way as she has proved herself in a military and naval sense. The war "may cause a severe financial strain to the country, but that strain should not be too great to be borne". If, he says, Japan has to borrow she can show a perfectly clean record.

The fiscal question is responsible for an extraordinary farrago of classic pretence in the "Nineteenth Century" over the signature of Mr. Andrew Carnegie entitled "Britain's Appeal to the Gods". This appeal to Neptune and Midas and Vulcan and Great Deucalion is prefaced by an "Extract from Author's letter to Editor". Mr. Carnegie is impressed with the "absurdly grasping" propensity of "your countrymen", who are very *unreasonable*. The italics are "the author's". It seems to be Mr. Carnegie's idea that Great Britain ought to be satisfied with what she has got. From such a source such a view is hard to characterise in polite terms: what he fails to understand is that the tariff reformer is anxious to save Great Britain's rightful heritage from passing to others. It will not be safeguarded by cosmopolitan theories in favour with millionaires whose fortunes have largely been built up in other lands thanks to the British free import system. Mr. Carnegie is in good company this month. Mr. George Harvey, of the "North American Review", writing also in the "Nineteenth", assures us that "the genuine friendliness of the American people has been won" by Great Britain and that "the interdependence of the Anglo-Saxon race" is a fact for the first time "since Paul Revere rode out of Boston". It is another pretty theory. "An Open Letter to the Prime Minister" by Preference in the "National Review" casts a disquieting light on the position to which the Unionist party has been brought by its failure to range itself definitely alongside Mr. Chamberlain. Preference scouts the idea of retaliation and of waiting for ever upon expediency; retaliation he says will accomplish nothing; a national tariff alone will give Great Britain a leverage which may be worked to advantage with foreign countries; and he declares that "the real object of retaliation appears to be to enable the members of the Government to claim the name of free traders and to repudiate that of protection". Retaliation is the subject of an article in the "Independent Review" by Mr. H. O. Meredith who says the history of tariff wars is such as to make it the part of a wise government to avoid them and he concludes with the suggestion that the mere threat of war would suffice to secure the maintenance of the most favoured nation treatment. Mr. Meredith's argument seems to us to suggest that he would fight or risk a fight for that in which he believes but would not advise fighting for that in which he has no faith! Needless to say he is a free importer, and he seriously proposes to help the free trade cause by inviting the colonies to extend to foreign countries any preference they may give to the Mother-country. What altruists these free traders are! Mr. Meredith's article may rank with that of Professor Jones in the "Hibbert Journal" in which he occupies some twenty-eight pages to prove that it would be an offence against morals to go back upon "the methods that have made our Empire great". Both might take a hint from Major Evans-

Gordon who writing in the "Monthly" on the alien question urges once again that "our first duty is to our own people".

An article in the "Contemporary" on the Military Situation in South Africa by Lt.-Colonel A. W. A. Pollock is worthy of responsible attention. He does not anticipate a rising in South Africa but asks whether, supposing a rising did take place, the garrison is so disposed as to be able to deal with the difficulty in overwhelming force wherever it might appear. He contends that the troops in South Africa are quartered in accordance with "politico-commercial" rather than strategical considerations. The Cape Elections and the New Premier are dealt with in the "Monthly" by "Majority" who writing from Cape Town is rather pro-Sprigg and in the "Fortnightly" by Mr. Edward Dacey who gives a personal sketch of Dr. Jameson and an account of the part he has played in South Africa.

In "Blackwood's" Lady Currie is entertainingly reminiscent in her description of a dinner which she remembers. Lord Acton at Cambridge and as seen in his recently published letters, forms the theme of pleasant papers in the "Independent", the "Contemporary" and "Blackwood's". A paper full of delightful personal touches and memories is Mr. Innes Shand's in "Cornhill" on two editors of the "Times". Dr. Emil Reich in the "Fortnightly" writes on German characteristics and in the "National" on those of America, both articles showing keen observation of the hereditary and national forces at work.

In the "National" the Count de Mun defends the religious orders of France from the attacks made on them by the Government, his object being to show that the attack directed at the Church will not stop short at Christianity itself.

SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE.

Ulfvungerne. By Jonas Lie. Kjöbenhavn: Den Gyldendalske Boghandel. 1903. 3.50 kr.

Of the three patriarchs of Norwegian literature, as they are generally called, Jonas Lie is the only one that has published anything this year. Henrik Ibsen is a man of nearly eighty; Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, who is seventy-one, but still a genial giant and an incorrigible optimist, has been prominent in other ways, personally and politically in the rapprochement with Sweden, and in the world of letters as the winner of the richly deserved Nobel prize. According to explanations in the Swedish papers, when the prizes were distributed, this prize could not have been awarded to Ibsen, or even shared with him, out of respect for the personal preferences of Nobel himself—an optimist, if ever there was one. Jonas Lie has followed up the celebration of his seventy-first birthday by the publication of a book that has been published in an edition of 16,000 copies to meet the first demand. Lie is the most generally beloved and most widely read of the novelists of the North. It is hard to understand why he is not better known in England, when one thinks of the numbers of English men and women of the educated classes that are in the habit of spending their summer holidays in Norway. They would not find in Lie's books the Norway of the pictorial postcards, but they would find something that some of them might prize even more—lifelike and interesting pictures of the real life lived in the quaint ports of call along the route of the tourist steamers, the multicoloured, thriving little shipping towns on the fjords. They would find pictures drawn with the deep insight into the inner workings of the human heart and the human mind of one, a writer, whose first noteworthy production "*Den Fremsynte*" was a powerful and sympathetic study of the "Second Sight" that seems the natural and inevitable outcome of life in the Far North, this land of brooding winters and dreamy, imaginative summers. Other stories have dealt with the lives of fishermen and pilots and their womenkind, but it is as the student and interpreter of the lives of ordinary men and women that he has won his laurels. In a succession of excellent stories he has put before us, not only all the conflicts and vicissitudes of married life and widowed life, all the light and shade of family life, but also a whole gallery of typical representations of the ruling passions, great and small. His women are especially admired, also the loving skill with which he manages to draw, with a few deft touches, young unformed girls and dissatisfied young women. He rivals Tolstoy in his marvellous knowledge of the feminine point of view in minor practical matters—without, however, any of Tolstoy's patient breadth of descriptive style. On the contrary, Lie is all but unrivalled in the suggestive brevity of his descriptions, generally mere incidental touches, and if one is not always equally charmed by his writing, it is because one cannot always be in the mood for the brisk, cheery impressionism, the dots and dashes and short sentences or disjointed clauses of his peculiar style. His stories are comparatively short; they generally deal with one aspect of family life, and the conflicts there evolved, or with one ruling passion, against the background of family life. Thus the protagonist of "*Ulfvungerne*", "*Konsul*" Ulfvung, is an ambitious despot with all the boisterous geniality of certain despots, when in a good temper, whose aim it is to be the most important personage in

the little town among the sawmills, where he is already one of the leading men of business. All is grist to the mill of this love of power, even the personal happiness of his own daughters. . . . The local life thus brought before us is excellently described, and ought really to be full of interest to English readers, especially as Jonas Lie's style, as far as we can see, is of the kind that places him among the translatable writers. A good deal of modern Norse literature belongs to the class of untranslatable books, either because the idiom is too difficult, or because the interest is too purely racial and local. Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" is a case in point. Also some other of his plays. It is sometimes a little hard to believe in the sincerity of English Ibsenites who only know him in the English version.

Skogen och Sjön. By Gustaf af Geijerstam. Stockholm: Albert Bonnier. 1903. 3.75 kr.

This is another translatable book, if of an entirely different kind. "Skogen och Sjön" ("Forest and Stream") is a collection of short stories of peasant life, written from the point of view of the sympathetic observer, in close touch with

(Continued on page 468.)

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his models. It is most refreshing to find peasants described as human beings, and not as either angels of light or devils of bestiality or martyrs of social oppression. Herr af Geijerstam has found a very happy style—simple, quiet, and effective, in some stories pervaded as it were with a broad smile of amused observation. Others are serious, one or two quite pathetic, especially one called "Sammel".

Ensam. By August Strindberg. Stockholm: Albert Bonnier. 1903.

This book is remarkable as a bit of autobiography—it describes the impressions of the author on returning to Stockholm after an absence of years, and finding himself "Alone"—but also an excellent specimen of the method, if there is one, of this gifted and erratic writer, almost as well known on the Continent as Ibsen and Björnsen. There is here none of the creative power that stamps his dramas and some of his stories, with all their shortcomings and drawbacks; but all his other qualities are here: the subjective point of view, illuminated by flashes of keen insight; the witty descriptions, the uncertain glimmer of true pathos, alongside of passages of strained originality, lifeless and dull; the terseness of style, sometimes wasted on mere trivialities which this style does not succeed in ennobling, because he will insist on their triviality. . . .

Från Pogodernas Land. By Jane Gernandt Claine. Stockholm: Albert Bonnier. 1903. 3.75 kr.

The tendency known as "Exoticism" has now, it seems, reached the North. One of the books that appear to be most widely read is selections from the works of M. Lafcadio Hearn, translated under the title of "Exotica". Mrs. Gernandt Claine has sent in contributions from various parts of the world, as far as we remember from South America, South Africa, and now from Burmah (Rangoon). They are evidently the work of a resident, not of a mere globe-trotter, and far above the ordinary type of the Anglo-Indian novel. The story is in this case rather unsatisfactory, partly because the style is so elusive. But this very elusiveness confers distinction on the book as it stands. There is here none of the close and painstaking attention to truth of local colour that gives Herr af Geijerstam's peasant stories their value as documents, and we do not know if Mr. Hugh Clifford would admit that the author knows the brown man or woman. The author would probably say in reply to criticism of this kind that she has not aimed at diving down below the surface of native psychology for the edification of imperial rulers.

Gudrun Dyrce. By Valdemar Rørdam. Copenhagen: Gyldendalske. 1902. 2.75 kr.

This little book, which escaped our attention when it was published last year, is too charming and too typical of certain free tendencies in the North to be left unnoticed. It is told in verse, and marked by poetic fervour, but deals with a modern motive in an essentially modern *mise-en-scène* of white flannels, La-France roses, the Tivoli restaurant, cheap Copenhagen inns; all the details of country life, modern forestry &c.

Lifslinjer. By Ellen Key. Stockholm: Albert Bonnier. 1903. 6 kr.

If we turn our attention from fiction to other works of general interest, we shall find a certain connexion between the slim little book by Valdemar Rørdam and the latest product of Miss Ellen Key's whole-hearted and uncompromising criticism of life. "Lifslinjer" is an attack on the existing forms of marriage on the plea that humanity has outgrown them and needs new bottles for the new wine of a deeper conception of love between the sexes which Ellen Key insists on as the central idea of the new form of faith. Miss Key is an apostle of free love, as ardent as she is personally high-principled. She has the courage, not only of her "advanced" opinions, but of her feminine, emotional and intuitive point of view, of this "unsystematic thinking" (the words are her own), for which she claims the right to exist, alongside of the systematic and strictly logical thinking of her numerous opponents. The book here offered was begun as an answer to her critics and detractors. In a preface of great beauty and single-minded sincerity, she defines her position. "I have been accused of leading the young astray. . . . I hope to continue to merit this accusation, which has been levelled at others greater than myself" (and to keep on leading the young astray into paths) "where they shall be able to widen their souls and to give beauty to their lives by daring to believe in the soul and in dreams in a world where all tends to fetter the souls of men and to heap ridicule on the dreamer". The book that follows is fuller, more outspoken than any of this gifted writer's preceding utterances; it has greater depths and a wider horizon—in many respects it has made good its claim to belong to the best thought of the day; the enthusiastic belief in life for life's sake, kindled at the fire of recent research; the deep-seated conviction, gaining strength from every side, as discovery is added to discovery, of the identity of life and growth, as the great ruling principle of the universe. . . . We may dismiss Ellen Key's optimistic belief in the age of pure reason which is supposed to lie ahead of us, we may regret the extremely faulty construction of her book, and yet recognise that the

book is suffused with the flickering but genuine glow of something of the sacred fire.

Svenska Gestalter. By Oscar Levertin. Stockholm: Albert Bonnier. 1904. 4.50 kr.

Professor Levertin's name has been mentioned before in these columns in connexion with his charming portrayal of provincial and scholastic life drawn with all the sympathy of the poet and all the skill of the trained social historian. In fact the story itself "Magistrarne i Österås" is only the last and longest of a series of characteristic pictures of the place, from heathen times onwards. The practice is typical of Professor Levertin's method, as exemplified again in these exquisite studies. It is historical and comparative, entirely and delightfully his own in insight and manner, yet deeply influenced by the French masters.

Världslitteraturens Historia. Andra Delen I. och II. Den Israelitiska Litteraturen. By Henrik Schück. Stockholm: Hugo Geber. 1901-3. 9.25 kr.

The Professor of Literature at the University of Upsala is another writer of both national and international importance. The first volume of the great work on the history of the literature of the world, which it seems that Professor Schück proposes to carry out single-handed, deals with classical literature. It is a successful combination of investigation from the two essentially modern and closely related points of view of historic evolution and comparative research, with personal appreciations and bright well-written pictures of social life. The comparative point of view is applied in a double way, as interesting in results as thorough in method. Thus an account of the recent results of Homeric research is followed by an account of the excavations of Schliemann and of Dr. Evans' discovery of the alphabet; the history of the drama is put in connexion with a very full and able *compte-rendu*, with plans and illustrations of Dr. Dörpfeld's view and researches. At the same time Professor Schück's own personal conclusions on certain knotty or interesting points are freely given. In fact, it is an admirable *œuvre de vulgarisation* by a careful and highly gifted scholar. Of the two instalments of the monumental work on Israelitic Literature (not yet completed) it is not too much to say that they form a model of their kind, and something more, probably the most interesting treatment of this great subject as yet offered to the general reader.

For This Week's Books see page 470.

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From	BULLION.		FINE GOLD.	
	Total.	Per ton milled.	Total.	Per ton milled.
	Ozs.	Dwts.	Ozs.	Dwts.
Mill	8,796'70	8'850	7,616'072	7'673
Tailings	4,637'33	4'666	3,997'905	3'931
Own Concentrates	843'51	0'849	829'247	0'834
Slimes	995'09	1'001	800'083	0'805
Total from own Ore	15,272'63	15'366	13,163'307	13'243
Purchased Concentrates	580'29		569'818	
	15,852'92		13,733'125	

Expenditure and Revenue.

150 Stamps crushed 10,879 tons.

EXPENDITURE.		Per ton milled.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Mining Account (including Maintenance)	10,389 15 10	0 10 5'436
Milling Account (including Maintenance)	2,938 11 5	0 2 11'478
Yanning Account (including Maintenance)	282 13 6	0 0 3'416
Cyaniding and Chlorination Accounts (including Maintenance)	2,960 5 7	0 2 11'740
Slimes Account (including Maintenance)	176 11 7	0 0 8'168
General Maintenance	241 9 4	0 0 2'915
General Charges	1,879 17 11	0 1 10'696
	19,369 10 2	0 19 5'849
Development Account	4,793 5 0	0 4 9'819
Machinery Plant and Buildings	749 16 1	0 0 9'052
	24,912 11 3	1 5 0'770
Profit on Working	31,498 1 11	1 11 8'278
	£56,410 13 2	£2 16 9'048

REVENUE.		Per ton milled.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Gold Accounts—		
From Mill	32,833 1 10	1 13 0'395
From Tailings	16,440 11 5	0 16 6'596
From Slimes	3,348 6 0	0 3 4'424
From own Concentrates	3,482 3 0	0 3 6'040
	56,113 2 3	2 16 5'455
Sundry Revenue—		
Rents, Interest, Profit on Purchased Concentrates, &c.	297 10 11	0 0 3'593
	£56,410 13 2	£2 16 9'048

No provision has been made in the above Account for payment of the 10 per cent. Profits Tax.

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Total Yield in fine gold from all sources 5,650'346 ozs.
Total Yield in fine gold from all sources, per ton milled 14'488 dwts.

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On a basis of 7,800 tons milled.

	Cost.	Cost per Ton.
To Mining	£5,281 10 6	£6 13 6'908
Development Redemption	780 0 0	0 2 0'000
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